JOHN BULL, JUNE 3, 1939. VOL. LXV. 1720

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

Treat yourself to a Guinness

COME ON—have something really worth drinking tonight. Something with a bit more *to* it—more strength and body, more flavour, more invigoration. *Treat yourself to a Guinness.*

Taste a Guinness and you know at once 'This is the real thing.' Here's body, here's strength, yet the very taste is invigorating. So clean and refreshing, you will say; so natural. ('Natural' is right. Nothing but barley-malt, hops, yeast and water go to the brewing of Guinness.)

Linger over your Guinness tonight. Sit back and feel a sense of peace steal upon you. By the time you've finished you'll be a better and a stronger man. And the good will last.

P.S. Don't keep a good thing to yourself. Treat your wife to a Guinness. She'll enjoy it as much as you and it'll do her just as much good—if possible.

G.E.949.D

JAGROSE TENTS

WATERPROOF TENTS COMPLETE in HEAT RESISTALL
FULLY GUARANTEED

Length ft.	in.	Width ft.	in.	Height ft.	in.	Walls in.	White Cloth	Green Cloth
6	6	4	0	3	6	6	6/9	8/6
8	8	5	0	4	0	12	7/11	10/6
10	10	6	0	4	6	18	14/9	21/-
12	12	6	0	4	6	18	16/11	27/6
14	14	6	0	4	6	18	27/6	35/6
16	16	6	0	4	6	18	29/-	38/-
18	18	6	0	4	6	18	35/-	77/6
20	20	7	0	5	0	18	55/-	

6/9 Tent Post 6d. Others carr. paid.
BELL TENTS. Special offer selected Army surplus, regulation size. Complete with all accessories and container 30/- carr. forward. Sleeping Bags from 6/11. Camp Beds from 7/6. Air Beds from 5/11.
FULL CAMPING CATALOGUE G.J. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

JAMES GROSE LTD EUSTON RD

3d a day 18ct GOLD

For 10 years this watch will give you faithful timekeeping. Advance 1939 model. Lies snugly on wrist and fitted with a damp-proof, shock-proof, Geneva lever movement, which is proof against electricity, vibration and shocks. Send 3d. deposit and 2d. for packing and post—if satisfied send 1s. 6d. within 7 days and 1s. 6d. fortnightly until 14s. 6d. is paid in all. Cash price 12s. 6d.—Ladies' model 2s. extra. This is a liquidator's stock, worth double, so send 6d. P.O. now to receive this amazing bargain on approval.
C. DAVIES (Dept. J.D.W.1), Excel House, Whitcomb Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

1 WAY BEDCHAIR

Easy Chair
Lounge Chair
Full-length Bed
Fire-side Seat

17/6

60 in. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour: turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carriage Paid home, Eng., Scot. and Wales, 2/6.
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Finest 63/-, 84/-, & 63/- SUITS in the Trade. Easiest Terms at no extra charge. Complete ranges of actual Cloth Patterns for Gentlemen's Suits, Sports Wear, Overcoats, Costumes, Gabardines, etc. Perfect cut, style, and fit.

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State the kind of suit you are thinking about, and patterns cut from 60 different bales of newest suiting cloths now being made up, will be sent free. Worsteds, Serges, Tweeds, Cheviots, etc. We guarantee your Suit to be to *your* entire satisfaction.
Please cut out this Advert. and pin to your letter for earliest attention.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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GARDEN SHEDS from 2/- a week
GARAGES from 5/- a week
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IN DEAL OR CEDARWOOD
ARMY HUTS from 4/- a week
DELIVERED FREE, ENG & WALES

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. LTD.
Dept. B Haron Road, Fulham, S.W.6 Tel. Ful. 1121

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SKILL PUNCHBOARDS
The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs, Fetes or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 600-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-16-9 profit at 2d. per punch, and £1-5-0 at 1d. per punch. Agents working out special profit-sharing plan are making £5 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board and illustrated price list. ... ... 3/9 post free.
Discount for dozen lots.
BURDON HUNTER
(Punchboard Specialist).
Dept. J, 28, Woodville Road, London, E.11.
TRADE SUPPLIED. (Late Camomile Street.)

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DON'T USE UNDERSTRAPS OR A TIGHT-FITTING APPLIANCE

The most objectionable part of a Rupture Support is the understrap and the tightness of the band around the body, particularly in warm weather. The Pallant De Luxe Ball and Socket Appliance DOES NOT REQUIRE UNDER-STRAPS, and there is NO TIGHT PRESSURE AROUND THE HIPS. The Pallant gives absolute security and undreamed of comfort. Being water-proof, it can be used for HOME and SEA BATHING as well as for general wear. The Pallant will control your Rupture NO MATTER HOW SEVERE. To prove our claims, we offer a TRIAL FOR SEVEN CLEAR DAYS BEFORE PAYMENT. YOU SEND NO MONEY AND RUN NO RISK. Specialists usually allow the whole cost. Write or call and test this new invention.
BLUNDEN Surgical Appliance Co., Ltd. (Dept. 129G), 9 Oxford St., London, W.1
Manchester Branch: 6, John Dalton St.
TEST IT BEFORE YOU PAY

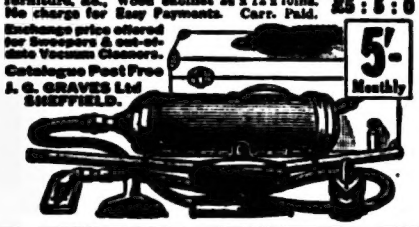
RILEY'S BOWLS ARE THE BEST UNDER ALL CONDITIONS

Get your bowls direct from the makers. Cash or Easy Terms 8/- down, balance monthly.

WRITE NOW for Catalogue and details of FREE BOWLS OFFER.—E. J. RILEY LTD., Dale Works, Accrington, or Dept. 82, 46 47, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.
120 PAIRS

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

POWERFUL ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER of British make for A.C. or D.C. Mains, equal to more expensive machines, perfectly safe, warranted 12 months. Insulated ball bearing motor, handsomely covered body, bright parts chromium plated, rubber mounted hose, 15ft. cable, 3 extension handles, swivel nozzle, sterilising and deodorising set, accessories for cleaning carpets, furniture, &c., Wood cabinet 34 x 12 x 10ins. No charge for Easy Payments. Carr. Paid. £5 : 5 : 0
Exchange price offered for Sweepers & out-of-date Vacuum Cleaners.
Catalogue Post Free
J. G. GRAVES Ltd SHEFFIELD.



Relief from Pain within 3 minutes After the First Dose

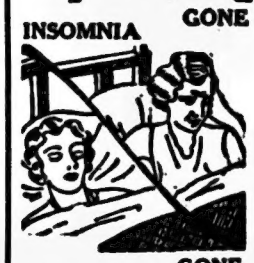
Sustained increasing benefit after every further dose

RENIPAS

THE 3 MINUTE REMEDY

(Pronounced REN-E-PAR) CELEBRATED POWDER

Acts like a miracle in cases of
Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and all Kindred Troubles. Headache, Toothache, Earache and other pains vanish as if by magic.



INSOMNIA One powder gives a full night's refreshing sleep even though this has not been enjoyed for years.
RENIPAS is the result of seven years' scientific research by a fully qualified Doctor (M.D.), who states it CONTAINS NO INJURIOUS DRUGS, POISON OR ANY OTHER NARCOTIC, AND
DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART.

Renipas is NOT a One Drug Remedy, it is compounded of several ingredients, solid and liquid, the formula being in accordance with approved medical and scientific principles. It is similar to a physician's costly prescription, plus the chemist's charge every time made up. For over a quarter century many thousands of people have testified to the relief afforded by this wonderful remedy.

TESTIMONY Having tried your wonderful Powders, I have nothing but praise for them and I have advised everyone I know to take them. The first powder I took was marvellous, I was feeling very ill and too weak to walk across the room, and I took one of your Powders, and in less than half an hour I was like a new woman. If anyone had told me what they would do I would hardly have believed it.

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Discovered by a Doctor. Prescribed by Doctors. Used by Doctors.

Although you may consider your case hopeless yet RENIPAS will not fail. Send two stamps for
FREE PACKET OF RENIPAS POWDERS
Each of which will perform a miracle for you.
Please print name and address in Block Letters.

RENIPAS
is supplied to Doctors, Nurses, Hospitals, Institutions, etc.
8 POWDERS 1/3; 24, 3/-; 96, 11/-.
Order a box to-day from your chemist and be free from pain.
If any difficulty to obtain we gladly send post free.

International Chemical Research Assn., Ltd. (Lab. 127), 69, Fleet Street, London.

CARPET BARGAINS

9½

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- ex., we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brussette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsome in design, bordered, in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Browns, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 1 Rug and 2 door mats for 20/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D
Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free.
P. HUDSON & SONS (J.B.) Wortley Road, Leeds.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

No charge for Easy Terms

Two finest British pure White All Wool Yorkshire Blankets of lovely texture, blue borders, whipped ends. 60x80in.: 5lb pr. Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends. 70 x 90in., 5½lb pair; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in.; One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in.; Two Grey Continuous Bolster Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90 in. 4½lb pair; Grey Alhambra Quilt, 75x94in. Car. Paid 50/- or 4/3 monthly. Write for Illustrated Catalogue Free.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

4/2 MONTHLY

FREE BUILDINGS

Also 2/- in £ REDUCTION. Write for full details. Buildings in sections. Easily bolted. On approval. Prompt despatch. Carr. Paid. FREE Catalogue:

GARAGES	.. ..	£2 6
GARDEN SHEDS	.. ..	£2 5
GREENHOUSES	.. ..	£2 N
HEATERS	.. ..	£2 3
AVIARIES	.. ..	£2 2
ARMY HUTS, ETC.	.. ..	£2 N

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How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS
Thousands of genuine unsolicited testimonials received from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "*Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made.*" If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "*Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out*," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day.
THE STANLEY INSTITUTE Ltd. (Dept. B.H. 82) 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4

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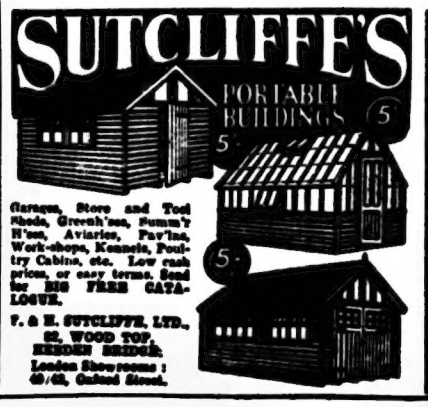
Increase your Sales by this *Proved* Method.

Local trade is limited, so why not sell your goods direct to the public by post—the modern method of trading? Whether your business is large or small, an advertisement in "John Bull's" "Shop Window" will enable you to reach out for trade on a national scale—reach millions of prospective buyers everywhere. Why not make "John Bull" your salesman?

For particulars and rates, write on business letterheading to:—
The Manager, Ideas & Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 29, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SUTCLIFFE'S



Garages, Store and Tool Sheds, Greenhouses, Summer Houses, Aviaries, Pavilions, Work-shops, Kennels, Poultry Cabins, etc. Low cash prices, or easy terms. Send for BIG FREE CATALOGUE.
F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, WOOD TOP, KEIGHLEY, BRIDGE.
London Showrooms: 46/48, Oxford Street.

A lovely finish for RED TILES

England Red Tiles and Red Composition Floors can always be kept a beautiful rich red colour with Cardinal Polish. Also fine for Front Steps, Brick and Cement Paths, etc.
WILL NOT WASH OFF IN THE RAIN.
Also in White, Cream, Buff, Green, Transparent, etc.
Of all Dealers.
CARDINAL POLISH
TINS 6d AND 1/-

QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN SCYTHE

FREE! SPECIAL SHARPENER FOR SCYTHE INCLUDED FREE (NOT 7 DAYS)

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW 2/- P.O., Cheque or English Stamps to: Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. AB), 823, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

THE FATAL EXPERIMENT

SHE took as much pride as her mother in keeping their home spick and span. Small wonder then that one Saturday evening, when she had nothing particular to do, she should decide to experiment in making her own furniture polish.

Getting beeswax, soap, paraffin and turpentine, she soon had the mixture prepared, and began to stir it in a bowl which she placed on the fender close to the fire. Suddenly there was a burst of flame, and the room quickly filled with dense smoke. She rushed out of the house to call neighbours, and then was horrified to see her mother run out of the house enveloped in flames.

In attempting to remove the flaming bowl the mother's clothes had caught alight. The flames were quickly extinguished and she was rushed to hospital, but despite every attention, she died from her injuries a few days later.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE.

This, in brief, is the tragic fate that recently befell Mrs. E. M. Stellings, of Ebberston, nr. Scarborough.

As Mrs. Stellings was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home Accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid.

"JOHN BULL" YOUR SAFEGUARD.

In addition to providing numerous other Benefits, "John Bull" is still the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£674 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £674 6s. 10d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:

Household and Sickness Benefits	£402	6	10
Accident Benefits—Adults	£138	0	0
Children's Accidents ...	£134	0	0
	£674	6	10

IMPORTANT HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in the British Isles, if they can show that they bought the paper while away, and that before leaving home they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery immediately upon their return.

Here are just a few of the letters received from readers:

PROMPT ATTENTION.

"I beg to acknowledge with sincere thanks receipt of cheque. Also to express my gratitude for the just and expeditious manner in which you dealt with my claim."

R. R., Fitzwilliam.

"COURTESY AND KINDNESS."

"Please allow us to thank you for the very prompt way in which you have dealt with us in our recent crisis. We cannot speak too highly of the courtesy and kindness of your representative who came to see us."

P., Manchester.

"JOHN BULL'S" UNRIVALLED RECORD.

Since the inception of this unrivalled bulwark of family security, "John Bull" has distributed to its registered readers or their dependants more than £650,000. No greater testimony to the value of our Insurance Gift is needed.

Similar protection to that which "John Bull" offers to you free would, if taken out through an Insurance Company, cost at least £2 2s. 0d. in annual insurance premiums.

Remember, one registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen years of age), and all accident and sickness benefits are paid in addition to any amount a reader may receive elsewhere. There is no greater contribution to human happiness than the strong feeling of security born of the knowledge that in times of need a helping hand will quickly be forthcoming to render sound practical assistance.

If you have not registered for this Great Security Gift, do so at once. Use the forms on right to-day.

SENSATIONAL MATTRESS OFFER

The "SANITIZED" label on your Mattress is an additional safeguard to your Health.

Sturdy, strong and pliable, ensuring sound sleep from which you wake refreshed and invigorated.

Attractive Damask Cover in variety of colourings.

Handles for easy turning.

Eyeletted to ensure perfect ventilation.

180 Super Springs made from extra high tensile British Drawn Wire enclosed in Fibre Pad and layers of soft white Felt.

Sleep in Comfort for 1°a day

2/6 MONTHLY NO DEPOSIT

MADE TO SELL AT 79/6

TO CLEAR AT THE SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICE of 49/6

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SPECIAL PURCHASE of 10,000 "SANITIZED" SPRING INTERIOR MATTRESSES

Full Size 4ft. 6in.

What "SANITIZED" MEANS TO YOU

"SANITIZED" is antiseptic and germ-proof, and affords permanent protection. No germ can live in "SANITIZED" because it is self-sterilizing, non-toxic, non-irritant, odourless antiseptic. For safety's sake get "SANITIZED" today.

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MANCHESTER	42, Deansgate
BRISTOL	42-43, Wine Street
NOTTINGHAM	63-64, Long Row
NORTHAMPTON	45, The Drapery
HULL	49-51, Jameson Street
GRIMSBY	245, Freeman Street
CHATHAM	167-169, High Street
MARGATE	98-100, High Street
HANLEY (STAFFS)	71, Stafford Street
BOLTON	15-17, Newport Street
BLACKBURN	Majestic Hall, King William Street
ACCRINGTON	99-101, Blackburn Road
BURNLEY	34-36, St. James' Street
PRESTON	29-30, Friargate
LANCASTER	32-36, St. Nicholas Street
BARROW-IN-FURNESS	95-97, Duke Street
WHITEHAVEN	34, King Street
WORKINGTON	1, Wilson Street
CARDIFF	41, Queen Street
SWANSEA	Capitol Hall, Portland Street
PORT TALBOT	Market House, Market Square
HAVERFORDWEST	Picton Place
NEWPORT (MON.)	154, Commercial Street
BELFAST	20, Donegall Place
LONDONDERRY	7-9, Bishop Street

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Send me the advertised Mattress carriage paid. I enclose herewith first instalment of 2/6 and agree to pay the balance of 50/- at the rate of 2/6 monthly; or 49/6 cash herewith.

State whether in BLUE, GREEN, PINK or FAWN COVERING

Name _____

Address _____

J.B. 3/6/39.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON FOR FREE FURNITURE BARGAIN BOOK

POST IN UNSEALED ENVELOPE WITH ½d STAMP AFFIXED

Name _____

Address _____

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The above MATTRESS and FREE FURNITURE BARGAIN BOOK may also be obtained at branches of

JAS. WOODHOUSE & SON

★ LONDON: 55-61, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1 • 150-158, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.8 ★

READING, BIRMINGHAM, COVENTRY, WOLVERHAMPTON, WALSALL, MANCHESTER, STOCKPORT, OLDHAM, LIVERPOOL, BIRKENHEAD, WARRINGTON, WIGAN, BLACKPOOL, CREWE, CHESTER, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, DEWSBURY, HUDDERSFIELD, HALIFAX, BARNSLEY, DONCASTER, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, SUNDERLAND, SOUTH SHIELDS, BLYTH, MIDDLESBROUGH, STOCKTON-ON-TEES, SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH, BOURNEMOUTH, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, MONTREAL, QUEBEC & TORONTO (Canada).

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 3/6/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

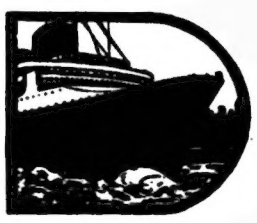
.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 3/6/39.

This is NOT an S.O.S.
It is NOT an A.R.P. Call
It is an Appeal



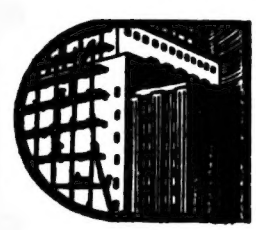
It is a genuine appeal to all men and women to do just that little bit extra; to make that extra effort which will make the difference between efficiency and stagnation. It is not enough to merely earn a living; we must make the best of whatever abilities we possess. We cannot wait for those abilities to develop themselves unaided: they must be trained.

By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country, and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless, it is worse, it is harmful.

YOU CANNOT MAKE MONEY BY SAVING. If you save 10s. per week for 10 years you have only got £260, but if you spend 2s. 6d. per week for 12 or 18 months on a correspondence course, you give your brains a chance to earn thousands of pounds, then there is no need to save. Savings are likely to vanish but earning capacity is a permanent investment.

J. H. Bennett



CAN YOU CHANGE MY EXPRESSION?

IF SO YOU MAY BE THE ARTIST THAT COMMERCE IS WAITING FOR.

Just try it for yourself; trace or draw the outline and then put in the features.

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, etc. 60% of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists" who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. We teach you not only how to draw **what is wanted** but how to make buyers **want what you draw.** Many of our students who originally took up Commercial Art as a hobby have since turned it into a full-time paying profession with studio and staff of assistant artists; there is no limit to the possibilities. Let us send full particulars for a FREE TRIAL and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Art. Dep. 31.

Jim Dusk

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Sanitation
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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight from the Shoulder

Poison Menace to Britain

DRUG smuggling on a big scale is taking place in British ships.

Startling evidence is being laid before the League of Nations' Opium Commission by the Egyptian Government.

Last year dangerous drugs were seized in thirty ocean-going vessels by the Egyptian authorities.

Most of those ships were British-owned; some were British troopships.

Bound for Britain

More than 1,220 pounds of "dope" was captured. Much of the haul, including opium, heroin and hashish, had been intended for sale in Britain.

In every case the smugglers were Asiatic seamen. But British subjects were among the forty-five foreigners convicted of international drug-peddling by the Egyptian courts.

Poison Stream

The official report which is now being considered mentions new "dope" devices: drinking tea soaked in drugs, boiling opium and injecting the liquid into the blood-stream, hiding drugs in steel tyres of donkey carts, and so on.

But of chief interest to us is the corroboration of JOHN BULL'S warning that international crooks are planning to swamp Britain with drugs.

What are our authorities doing about it?

Hungary's Share

Herr Hitler has definitely decided to hand over Slovakia to Hungary.

But he will retain the "pearl of Slovakia"—the port of Bratislava, which he intends to fortify.

In return, he has received an assurance that Hungary would remain neutral in the event of a Polish-German conflict.

Unrest

Slovakia, however, wants to keep its newly won independence. Hence the attacks by peasants on Hungarian frontier officials.

Europe's shrewdest diplomats believe that Hitler expected this — and will welcome it.

What Next?

They fear he will use the unrest as a pretext for marching in "to restore order and take the people under his protec-

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

New British tanks are easily superior to those of any other country.

* * *

SECRET SERVICE IS SATISFIED THAT WOOLWICH ARSENAL EXPLOSIONS WERE ACCIDENTAL.

* * *

Air Ministry is "commandeering" key-men from other Departments.

* * *

Merchant Navy officers are being trained, at seven seaports, to combat submarines.

* * *

Owing to growth of anti-Jewish propaganda, Scotland Yard is watching certain organisations which are known to have no money of their own.

* * *

Britain is buying steel scrap from U.S.A. at £5 a ton, selling steel scrap to Germany at £3 a ton.

* * *

Mr. Randolph Churchill and his brother-in-law, Duncan Sandys, M.P., are believed to be planning a new bid for a Centre Party.

* * *

Big land-drainage schemes are being worked out by Whitehall.

* * *

Expert report on abortion, to be published shortly, will recommend modifications in the law, but a continued strict check on illegal operations.

* * *

Sir Samuel Hoare's next prison reform will be to introduce women nurses into jail sick wards.

* * *

THE PRIME MINISTER RECEIVED A NOTE FROM ITALY ASKING HIM NOT TO NEGOTIATE WITH RUSSIA, BUT OFFERING NO AXIS GUARANTEE.

* * *

Next step: denunciation by Rome of the Anglo-Italian agreement, which came into effect last November.

* * *

Rome officials already fear the Italo-German military alliance will prove a disastrous mistake.

* * *

They are also irritated because Italian tenders for work in Spain are being undercut by subsidised German contractors.

* * *

Franco isn't happy either. Spanish refugees have so far cost France £4,000,000; Franco must foot the bill before he can get the £9,000,000 of Spanish Government gold deposited in France.

* * *

JAPAN, DESPITE HER ATTITUDE OF BRAVADO, IS ANXIOUS TO PLACATE THE DEMOCRACIES AND WILL SHORTLY PROPOSE A PACIFIC SETTLEMENT.

Just a little one showing his paces — but he and his big brother tanks are the world's envy

City men believe that Anglo-German financial talks will soon be held.

* * *

GERMAN OFFICERS ARE NOW HAVING LESSONS IN HUMOUR! THIS FOLLOWS PSYCHOLOGISTS' REPORT THAT BRITISH SOLDIERS HAD THE BEST WARTIME MORALE BECAUSE OF THEIR CHEERFULNESS.

* * *

Discontented workers in Hamburg are causing anxiety to the German Admiralty because of a leakage of naval secrets.

* * *

Many German merchant vessels now carry, in their holds, light guns which could be mounted in half an hour.

* * *

A whispering campaign against the Germans has been started in Prague with such slogans as: "We shan't have peace till war comes."

* * *

So subtle is Czech opposition that Baron Neurath, "Protector of the State," is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

* * *

Turkey is planning not only a railway link with Russia for transport of troops and munitions, but also a great trunk road.

* * *

Roosevelt intends to spend £40,000,000 on building a harbour and fortifying Guam island, in the Pacific.

* * *

On advice of British military experts, the French are improving anti-tank defences on the Maginot Line.

* * *

FRENCH PROFESSORS, AFTER STUDYING FORTY DISEASES, HAVE REPORTED TO THE FRENCH HIGH COMMAND THAT GERM WARFARE IS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE.

* * *

French police are taking no action against four big drug traffickers arrested months ago. Reason: fear of another Stavisky scandal.

* * *

Poland fears that more arms will be smuggled into Danzig under cover of "incidents" at frontier posts.

These Jewish demonstrators against the new Palestine Plan should really blame the Anglo-Turkish agreement

Continuing STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

tion," as he did in Austria and Czechoslovakia.

And they fear he will not merely gobble up tiny Slovakia but Hungary as well.

Padded Cell for Nazis

Dr. Brinkmann, Nazi economic chief, is in a lunatic asylum. But he's as sane as you, and probably a good deal saner than his jailers.

He insisted that Germany's war economy was driving the country to inevitable disaster. And he's not the first Nazi leader to occupy the padded cell where he is now given time to change his views.

Knock Before Speaking

A British woman, just back from a holiday, gives us another sidelight on life in Germany.

Though she stayed in an expensive hotel in Wiesbaden, she found fruit unobtainable at any price, and was served with only a single tiny pat of butter each morning, which had to be divided for each of the day's meals.

When German visitors called, they tapped the walls of her room and peered into the cupboards before speaking.

Silent, but not Strong

There's a sound reason for Mussolini's announcement that he will make no more speeches.

What were once whisperings against his policy have become openly expressed rebukes. His advisers think that further "rousing rallies" from the Duce might rouse public feeling in an unfortunate manner.

To the Faithful

Moreover, the rape of Albania has brought a new threat to the self-appointed Protector of Islam.

Moslem fanatics are now sounding a new call to the faithful: "There is only one God and Mussolini is His enemy."

Pawning Palestine

Behind the Government's new Palestine policy is Ismet Inoenu, the devout Moslem ruler of Turkey.

He insisted that the Arabs should get preferential treatment; this was the price Britain had to pay for the Anglo-Turkish agreement. Ismet dreams of a new Arab confederation.

Well, Well!

Lord Rushcliffe has opened his mouth to put his foot in it.

His Unemployment Assistance Board report is a painfully self-conscious document. It declares that it's very hard to find jobs for young men who are either unskilled or whose mind and body have suffered by prolonged worklessness.

As though trade union leaders—and JOHN BULL—have not been telling him this for years! And urging remedies!

The Problem

Yet there is still no sign of those remedies. That is why, even though unemployment will probably fall to around the million mark this year, there is need of great public work schemes that would absorb men who are the most difficult to place in ordinary jobs.

And that is why M.P.s of all Parties are voicing dissatisfaction with Lord Rushcliffe's pious report.

Clinics for All

Meetings are also taking place between miner M.P.s and doctor M.P.s to arrange the setting up of industrial clinics where injured workers could obtain light and heat treatment and manipulative surgery.

The first chain of clinics will cater for miners. But it's hoped ultimately to fulfil the aim of Sir Morton Smart, the King's manipulative surgeon, who wants such treatment no longer confined to the wealthy, but made available to every insured worker.

Dirty Work

Whitsun produced the usual crop of litterbugs, and every week-end—now that the open-air season is here again—will provide further opportunities for their dirty work.

Many local councils have adopted by-laws making the deposit of tins, bottles and other litter an offence. Other towns should do likewise.

But, in the end, it rests with you whether the countryside shall be disgraced and children injured. Do your best, won't you?

Very Queer

Bailie Armstrong, of Glasgow, has either been misreported or should be the subject of a Parliamentary row.

For, according to the reporters, he doesn't know the first principle of British justice, although he's a magistrate.

Four independent witnesses supported a motorist's statement. Nevertheless, the bailie fined the motorist for a traffic lights offence. We don't blame him for that.

But, in reply to a lawyer's protest, he declared that it wouldn't have mattered if the motorist had forty witnesses. He is stated to have added: "Your client would not be in court if he hadn't done something wrong."

Guilty Before Trial

This may seem a petty case. The issue at stake is far from petty.

If we swallow the ruling that no man who is brought to court can possibly be innocent, we might as well close the courts and let the police do the whole job.

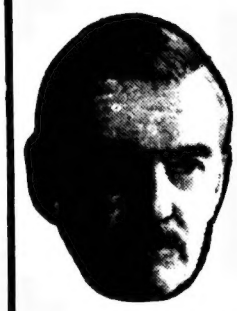
Blind

Lastly, let us give you an example of the blindly foolish parsimony which is being practised upon the poor:

Middlesbrough public assistance authorities proposed to provide a poor man with a pair of spectacles costing 1s. 9d. Councillors are now kicking up a fuss, and the town clerk has been solemnly instructed to see whether the spectacles would be of any use.

Maybe those councillors have read JOHN BULL'S frequent warnings of the dangers of cheap-jack spectacles.

CHAMBERLAIN—



GIANT OR PIGMY?

FOR the subject of this week's Controversy feature we choose the man who, during the past year, has been praised and attacked more than any other man in the world.—Is Neville Chamberlain a superman or a blunderer? We give you views on both sides.

THESE PEOPLE CONDEMN HIM

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.—Mr. Chamberlain's Government, without any qualifications at all, is the worst of the thirteen Cabinets I have seen in my fifty years of political life.

★

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, trade union leader.—For the first time since I have been dealing with Mr. Chamberlain I have seen the dishonesty of the statements he has made to the representatives of organised labour. However long Mr. Chamberlain remains in office, he cannot bring back to the Labour movement the feeling of confidence that he will play the game through to the end.

★

MR. D. N. PRITT, K.C., M.P.—Mr. Chamberlain now has to his discredit a list of prophecies that have been falsified, policies that have been abandoned, and promises that have been broken which is unequalled in history by anything except the list of broken pledges of Hitler and Mussolini.

★

MR. GEORGE DALLAS, Labour Party chairman.—Mr. Chamberlain and his Government have betrayed the peace of the world.

★

SIR PERCY HARRIS, M.P., Chief Liberal Whip.—Mr. Chamberlain's only strength is that he has no possible rival in his Cabinet.

★

MR. NESS EDWARDS, Mineworkers' Federation Executive.—The destiny of the world is in the palsied hands and the discredited leadership of Mr. Chamberlain. He will never stand up to the dictators. If he is driven to war, it will not be to save democracy.

★

DR. L. DU GARDE PEACH.—We must break that majority which gives Mr. Chamberlain all the power and all the arrogance of a dictator. We live in a country with a Government Fascist in intention.

THESE PEOPLE PRAISE HIM

MR. W. R. HEARST, American publicist.—I think Mr. Neville Chamberlain is the greatest man of this era. Of all statesmen he represents best the sentiment and essential spirit of modern enlightened civilisation.

★

LORD NUFFIELD.—Mr. Chamberlain is one of the finest Prime Ministers in my time. He has worked for peace and to cut out further bloodshed more than any man has ever worked in our time.

★

MR. JAMES MAXTON, M.P.—We believe that there was a great danger of war and that Mr. Chamberlain averted that war. That is all I know. That is what I thank him for.

★

SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, M.P., Leader of the Liberal Party.—I have never doubted Mr. Chamberlain's sincerity nor his devotion to the pursuit of peace.

★

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.—Everyone knows the Prime Minister's love of peace and that he has faced taunts and unpopularity without hesitation in that cause. The German and Italian peoples know that there is no English statesman whom they can trust more fully not to menace their lawful interests and prosperity.

★

COLONEL DAWES, former U.S.A. Ambassador to London.—Mr. Chamberlain's actions have been those of a great and fearless leader.

★

LORD CREWE, former British Ambassador to Paris.—I should desire to pay tribute to the Premier for the courage and persistence which he has shown in conducting affairs on behalf of this country.

If muddles and blunders thrive, if reforms are neglected, if profiteers flourish, and the unemployed continue in idleness—the fault is YOURS. If you and the rest of Britain's millions would only make your voices heard——

YOU could work MIRACLES!

Without Fear or Favour

SEVEN thousand women sat knitting and talking in London's schools a few nights ago.

They were teachers on duty. And there was nothing for them to do.

They were prepared for what should have been the most imperative task of their career: the protection of young children in case of war.

But only a handful of the 200,000 mothers who have children less than five years old, and who live in the danger zones of the crowded Metropolis, troubled to register their infants under the Government's evacuation scheme.

In some schools, where thousands had been expected, three or four turned up.

A few days earlier, three important by-elections had been held. The figures show that sixty-three out of every hundred electors stayed at home. Sixty per cent. were missing from the Kennington poll last week.

They knew, those absentees, that we are to-day faced with graver issues than any which have clouded our minds since the dark days of August, 1914.

Issues on which our very lives and the lives of those we love may depend.

YET nearly 30,000 people couldn't be bothered to record their decisions at the polls.

Scores of thousands of mothers couldn't be bothered to safeguard their babies, who might be the first victims—the most helpless and pathetic victims—of horrible slaughter.

It is not indifference, it is not cynicism or callousness, but a "can't be bothered" apathy which is already wasting lives, impeding reforms and stimulating evils.

The same apathy which makes us defer decisions until they are too late, which might cost us even the liberty we prize so dearly, and which is apparent in every phase of the nation's life. Listen to this: "During the year 1936-7 there were 199,062 accidents on the roads involving injury, of which 6,337 were fatal.

"These figures are staggering, and speak for themselves. Nevertheless, the committee is amazed at the apathy with which they are received by the public to-day."

So reported the House of Lords committee on road accidents. whose wise and sweeping recommendations for reducing casualties have been shelved by the Government.

Shelved because, according to the Minister of Transport, public opinion is not unanimous.

OR, in other words, because you have not bothered to demand that the needless, wickedly terrible harvest of death shall be ended at any cost.

Not a day passes without a child being maimed, a bread-winner killed, as a result of the public's aversion to impressing its views on officialdom.

In one town a young father is destroyed at a notorious death-trap.

The crowd that assembles murmurs its horror. It will not bother to demand of the local authorities that the crossing shall be improved and the road surface repaired.

MOST OF THE PEOPLE, LIKELY ENOUGH, WILL NOT EVEN USE THE LIFE-PRESERVING FACILITIES THAT THEIR COUNCIL HAS ALREADY PROVIDED.

That is why, eighteen months ago, Whitehall launched a six-months' campaign to remind you of the public health services—voluntary services which depend on your co-operation for their success.

In particular, it appealed to parents of young children. Generally, the appeal was ignored..

Clinics which could confer the blessing of health on both the children and their mothers are still but poorly attended.

That, also, is true of the national health system. The "panel" has serious flaws; many panel doctors are indifferent; yet often its failures are due not to its administration but to its patients.

"Why do you panel patients wait until you're really ill before you come to see me?" asks the exasperated doctor. "Why didn't you come when you first felt unwell?"

They couldn't be bothered.

Cynics sneer that we can be induced to act only when our pockets are affected. Sir Wyndham Childs, chief of JOHN BULL's Investigation Department, took them to task in these columns a fortnight ago.

He said that you make him angry.

You do not ask his advice until you have taken on crippling commitments.

You do not, when involved in legal difficulties, seek his aid until the last moment.

You do not reflect that, had you written before, you would have obtained advice.

It is an unwritten law in newspaper offices that readers must never be criticised. That law is not recognised by JOHN BULL.

For this journal exists not merely to give you news and views of Britain's affairs.

It aims at attacking injustices and evils, and thereby making Britain a richer and happier land.

AND "JOHN BULL" CLAIMS THE RIGHT TO BE CANDID EVEN AT THE PUBLIC'S EXPENSE.

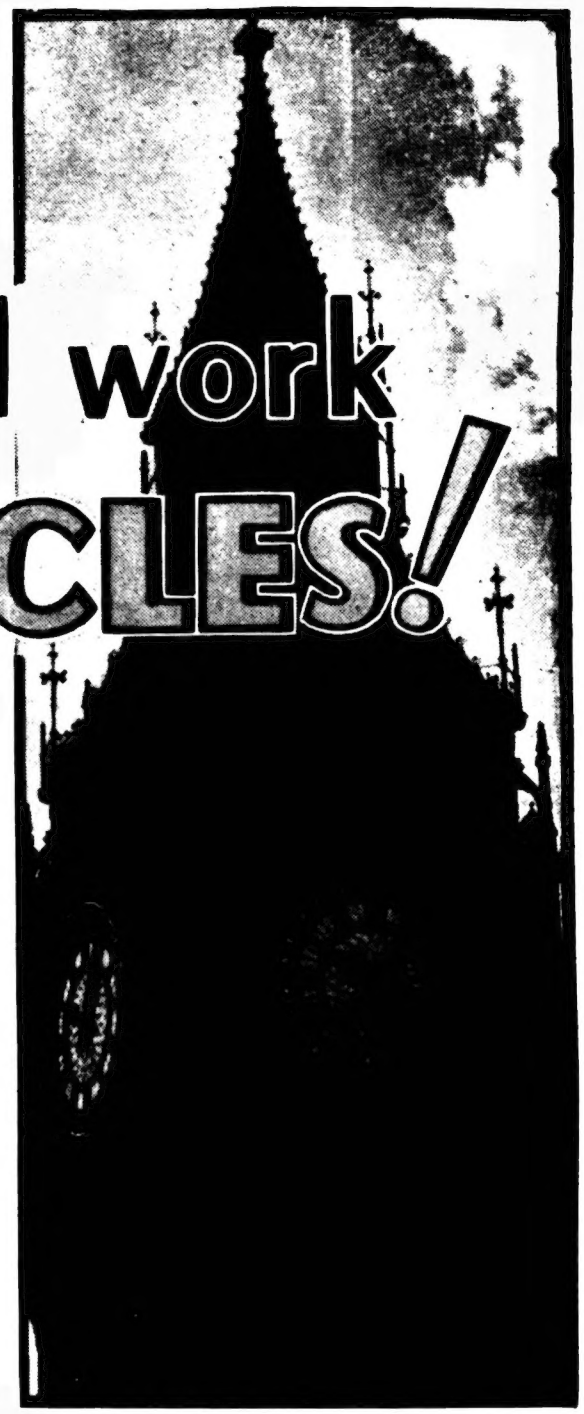
While acknowledging the loyalty of the public, which enables it to get wrongs righted, it must also bid you remember that wrongs will continue to exist unless you play your part in assailing them.

Road deaths, arms profiteering, incomplete social services, muddle and blunder of a dozen kinds continue unless you, the public, insist that they shall be ended.

The tragedy and despair of unemployment still darken our rich land.

Blame the Government. Of course. It is the Government's duty to remedy evils.

But the Government is elected to do the public's bidding.



The man-in-the-street can rule here—if he'll only take the trouble

If you and each of us do not express our will, the ultimate fault rests not on the Government but on us all.

Is there incompetence in the administration of your town or village? Are the councillors corrupt or autocratic?

If you take no interest in municipal affairs, the fault is yours as well as theirs.

WE pity the foreign peoples who have allowed themselves to be enslaved. But if we allow ourselves to become as apathetic as they once were, we too may lose the priceless heritage of freedom.

We say that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.

We do not notice that, because we often relax our vigilance, our liberty is being whittled away.

Already we see local mandarins misusing such powers as the Official Secrets Act, or, at the other end of the scale, interfering with the private life and hobbies of their tenants.

WHETHER WE CONTINUE TO ENJOY THE RIGHTS FOR WHICH MEN WERE OPPRESSED AND SLAIN DEPENDS ON US.

If we are content that many towns have only half the number of National Service volunteers they need; if we are too lazy to use the ballot-box to guide Britain's policy, then we shall invite disaster.

And on us, too, rests the decision whether this country shall be not only safer but healthier and happier in every way.

Ours is the power to work miracles. Let us use it.

Voice of the People

- **Fruit Machine Muddle and Another Young Victim**
- **Risks Life Among Explosives For £3 2s. a Week**
- **Officialdom Sends Reminder Of Family Tragedy**

MY son Wilfred, a boy of seventeen, came home in tears the other day to tell me he had lost his job in an accountant's office.

I may as well be blunt about the cause. It was gambling. He had become an addict of what are known as fruit machines, gambling devices which the police confiscate and demolish with crowbars when they find them, but which seem to come into this country without difficulty nevertheless.

I find, by inspecting the machines that have resulted in his downfall, that they are made in Chicago. How, then—being illegal—can they enter this country?—Mrs. C. T. J., Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N.

Answer to that conundrum has an Alice-in-Wonderland sound. America has banned them, President Roosevelt describing them as "gangster born and gangster run." They come here addressed to West End firms, sometimes in our biggest liners. Customs exact 33⅓ per cent. duty on their value (approximately £60 each). They wreak for a time the ruin this mother has described. Then the police seize them, demolish them.

15s. "Danger Money"

More explosions at the Royal Arsenal.

Newspapers report that every employee in the danger zone receives an extra 15s. a week.

Time, therefore, to tell the truth.

My pay is: Flat rate 55s. a week, service pay 3s. a week, examiner's allowance 3s. a week, contact pay 5d. a day. Total remuneration £3 1s. 11d. a week, after insurance has been deducted.

I worked a few yards from the last terrible explosion as an out-and-out expert examiner. I was lucky to escape with my life. But I write not so much for myself as for people running the same grave risk and drawing less.—

We prefer not to give this reader's name and address, although he invites us to do so. If an M.P. will ask a few pointed questions about parsimony of this kind, there should be no need for any man to martyr himself.

SOS Answered

Mistress told me at school that "SOS" stood for "Send Out Succour."

Newspapers have told me since that it means "Save Our Souls."

Somebody must be wrong.—Kathleen M. Clark, 56, Lower Hill, Ripley, Derbyshire.

Three dots represent "S" in morse—three dashes "O." SOS is chosen as international danger signal because, repeated time after time, it is the most distinguishable of all calls. Different countries have built different phrases around initials "SOS"—but "Save Our Souls" is the accepted British version.

Lest He Forget!

My little daughter, aged three, was taken to hospital on April 25 with tubercular meningitis. She died on the 29th after being three days unconscious. On May 3 she was cremated.

Not until May 17 did the authorities remind us of our catastrophe. Twenty-two days after the child was taken to hospital they called to fumigate the place.

So do we wage war on disease. So do we study the feelings of the bereaved.—Thomas Clegg, 75, Rose Street, Glasgow.

Such things are always happening, are the fault not of individuals but of our muddleheaded system. Everything must "go through proper channels." We'd like to see some of those channels blown sky-high.

Toe-Power

At eighteen I am no use to the Services. The R.A.F. has just confirmed the fact.

Reason: I've got a hammer toe.

Incidentally, I can't do national service because—I have been officially told—I am too young.

Honestly, sir, do we want man power or toe power?—Charles Flanagan, 220, Windleshaw Road, Dentons Green, St. Helens, Lancs.

A lot depends on the examining doctor. Some seem to be looking for Greek Gods.

Use of Cat

I was dismayed to hear that Lady Astor—opposing the use of the cat-o'-nine tails—was howled down by Conservative women.

At least they might have listened. But what is the truth of the statement flung against Lady Astor that garrotting, worst epidemic of violence known in this country, was put down by the cat?—J. N., London, W.1.

Garrotters, who seized their victims by the neck from behind, started operations in 1862. It was a crime of imitation. But the truth is that the epidemic died down before there was any suggestion of using the cat.

A confiscated fruit machine being smashed up. Illegal in the United States, these machines are shipped to England. (See first letter on this page)

Blue Stockings

So a young couple who have eloped from Oxford refuse to go back, say that romance isn't understood by the "blue-stockings" there.

One often hears the phrase. What does it mean?—H. J., Walworth, London.

An intellectual named Benjamin Stillingfleet, botanist, wore blue stockings. At that time women were banned from the intellectual life of London. Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, revolting, organised Chinese parties of women at her home, 22, Portman Square. They imitated Stillingfleet's blue stockings. Hence the name.

Silly Accusation

I am sixty-seven, white-haired. I have taken up A.R.P. work.

When I told a man what I was doing, he said, quite seriously, and, in fact, with a show of anger: "Oh, you're only doing it to keep out of the trenches."—H. A. Coney, 14, Bousen Road, Twickenham.

We laugh, now, about those crazy women who distributed white feathers during the war—who hounded many immature lads of fifteen and sixteen into the Army, as the tombstones of British cemeteries in France show. The type still exists.

Wants List

I would like to see:—

Penny-in-the-slot hair-drying machines in every public swimming bath (as in Aberdeen).

Stamp machines on every pillar box.

Rain shelters in every park—and wherever people congregate for pleasure.

Early closing day on the same day in every town.—Miss M. James, 6, Hambrough Road, Southall, Middlesex.

Now tell us what YOU would like to see.

Przemysl and Paree

Munich, I find, is really München. Cologne is Köln, Lemberg Lwow, Bucarest Bucaresti, and Brussels Bruxelles. I could mention many more.

In some cases (Rumania or Roumania) British people themselves are not agreed on spellings. Surely a place should be called by its proper name the whole world over.—F. R., 102, Noel Road, Acton, W.3.

Frenchmen are often astounded to find Londres is called London. Sometimes, where a place-name is a very difficult one, the world leaves it alone—Przemysl, for instance.

Stranger still, the general attitude regarding pronunciations. To be correct, one should call Paris Paris, not Paree. Surely, therefore, one should call Boulogne "Boughlog-nee." But it isn't done.

Late Chinatown

Visitors still come in search of Pitt Street, Liverpool's Chinatown, which they are taught to believe is a nest of opium dens and plague spots.

Actually, it consists of blocks of flats built by the Corporation on the old site of "Chinatown."—D. M., Paradise Street, Liverpool.

Liverpool's Chinatown is now as respectable as London's Limehouse. If rest of Britain were as law-abiding as its Chinese communities we would be a peaceable enough country.

● *We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

It's a Queer World . . .

AS long as I can remember, I've wanted to be a pilot. I've studied aircraft as I've studied nothing else. For twelve months I've been on the Civil Air Guard waiting list.

There's always a reason why I'm not wanted yet.

I want to fly, do you understand? I want to serve my country in the air. Yet all I can do is to sit in an armchair and see the pictures of wide-toothed, grinning young girls whom the Civil Air Guard is teaching, presumably so that they can pose.—J. L., Halsey Crescent, Liverpool.

* * *

MY sister approached a private employment agency for a job.

She was engaged by the managing director, who decided to employ her himself.

He has retained her first week's wages for commission.—B. E., Crawley, Sussex.

COLUMNS and columns and columns about the Dionne quins: what Dr. Dafoe said to Their Majesties, how each of the five children behaved, and so on. Finally, the news that the father is suing Dr. Dafoe.

Only person who isn't mentioned is the person who has hardly ever been mentioned—the mother.—Albert Davies, Sunbeam Road, Old Swan, Liverpool, 13.

* * *

I DREAMED of a long-haired man who waved his hands before my face and sent me into a trance.

So I backed Hypnotist—and lost £2 of my hard-earned savings.

On the way home from the Derby I was knocked down by a car.

It was driven by a man whom I had heard speaking on the course, who told fortunes and claimed to be a hypnotist!—H. A. C., Epsom.

THIRTY thousand pounds was the amount wanted for two different reasons:

1. To provide St. Ives with a new lifeboat and a harbour that would give greater safety than that "enjoyed" by the poor lifeboatmen who lost their lives there recently, and

2. As a guarantee for the Farr-Louis fight.

In the latter case it was forthcoming at once. In the former, it isn't yet.—R. Lock, Clarence House, Exmouth, Devon.

* * *

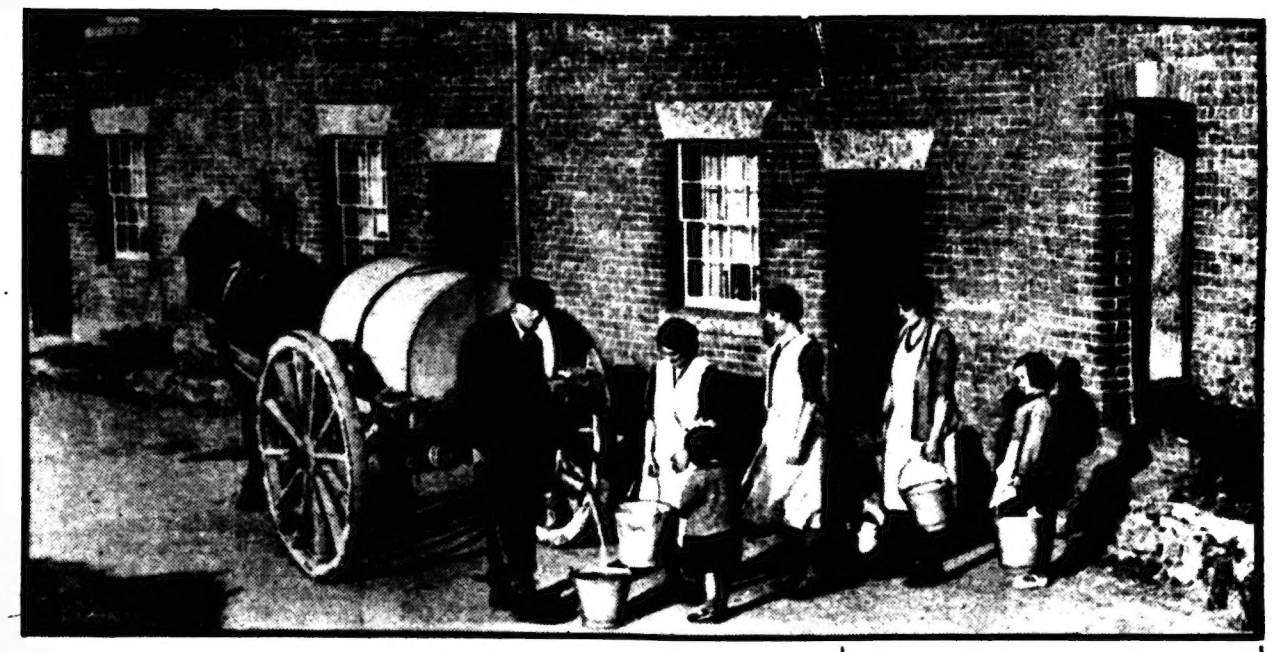
WE got our A.R.P. shelter eight weeks ago.

Every shelter in the street has been erected. Grass is almost growing on them by now.

Yet we have just received our books: "Directions for erecting and sinking your shelter."—M. Southgate, Albion Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

● They are called "Safety Areas." ... Actually through years of national meanness they may become plague spots with a—

New HEALTH PERIL for CHILDREN



● Hundreds of villagers are short of water in the Summer. What happens if village populations are doubled through evacuation?

MOST elaborate plans have been made for the evacuation of children from danger zones in case of war.

But, through stupid shortsightedness, the safety areas will themselves be in peril.

Our children may be saved from bombs only to be attacked by disease.

All over the country local authorities in rural areas, as well as county medical officers, see the danger. And they are in rebellion.

Their opposition—and the grounds for it—are a much more serious matter than the protests of the few snobs and elderly spinsters against the "slum children" who are to be billeted in their precious houses.

For they are stating quite plainly that in most of the "reception areas" to which 3,000,000 school children and an equal number of grown-up refugees are to be sent, there is bound to be complete chaos and breakdown in all the essential health services.

They fear severe and widespread epidemics through inadequate or non-existent sewage systems.

They fear illness and grave hardship through the failure of scanty water supplies, and heavy preventable mortality, especially among maternity cases, through lack of hospital facilities.

If war ever came we would pay heavily for the years of apathy and for the meanness and muddle which have made our essential health services a disgrace to any civilised country.

IF, as we all devoutly hope, the "emergency" does not arise, then these evacuation plans will have done one good thing.

They will have put the plight of our health services in the full glare of criticism. And they will have uncovered inefficiency that is as shocking as it is astounding.

JOHN BULL recently ordered enquiries to be made in 100 villages scheduled under the evacuation schemes and within a 50-mile radius of London.

In 41 of these villages, with the exception of the "big house" and one or two buildings like the local inn, there was no sewage system of any kind.

IN 50 OF THEM THERE WAS NO MAIN WATER SYSTEM, AND SUCH WELL SUPPLIES AS EXISTED WERE BARELY ENOUGH FOR THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE INHABITANTS.

Almost the entire counties of Wilts and Gloucester are scheduled as reception areas, but in sizeable market towns like Corsham there is no sewage and no water.

In the Stroud valley there is serious water pollution through seepage of crude drain systems.

At Coleford, near the Forest of Dean area, open sewers run beneath the houses, and only last January the local Medical Officer warned the Council of the serious danger of epidemics.

In other scheduled places like Wantspill and Newport, in Pembrokeshire, there have already been typhoid epidemics.

N.W. Lancashire and the North Midlands and a dozen other areas which come within the evacuation schemes are similarly devoid of anything except the most primitive of essential health services.

TO make a bad situation worse, it is hard to find a single instance where local health authorities have been consulted in any way about the billeting arrangements for children and other refugees.

Dr. Ashleigh Clegg, County Medical Officer for East Sussex, spoke for all his colleagues when he attacked Sir John Anderson's department a few weeks ago for ignoring the local knowledge of the various health officers.

There are, he said, such questions as housing people in homes where there is risk of tubercular infection, in homes where there are borderline standards of living and morals, in districts where the health amenities can barely cope with the present populations.

But the billeting authorities have gone on filling in the district rotas drawn up in Whitehall, without regard for anything said by the local doctors and medical officers of health.

There is no doubt at all that the present evacuation plans will have to come in for considerable amendment.

Health services have been allowed to slip into the background during the last year or two. But most people still believe that proper housing, sanitation, water supplies and the ordinary amenities of civilised existence are at least as important as armaments.

THE ANNUAL SICKNESS BILL OF THIS SMALL COUNTRY OF OURS NOW TOTALS MORE THAN £300,000,000, OR £6 PER HEAD OF THE POPULATION. INSTEAD OF THE NATION'S HEALTH BECOMING BETTER, IT IS APPARENTLY DRIFTING DOWNWARDS.

In 1920 the Ministry of National Service report stated that in the last year of the war, 41 per cent. of the men called up were in C3 condition.

In 1935, after 17 years of "peace and plenty," 62 per cent. of the recruits for the Army were below the low level of physique then demanded.

Last week the Minister for Health jovially told a meeting that he was expecting some wonderful returns after the medical examination of the "John Smiths" called up for the militia.

We expect no such thing. For there is no evidence that health services have improved since 1935. On the contrary, through economy and the slow decay of time, they have got worse.

All medical authorities and most of the national committees which have sat during the last 20 years have been agreed that proper water, sanitation and housing amenities for *all* the country are a first essential for an improved standard in the nation's health.

Yet we still find that all these important services are administered without any national plan, with hardly any Government financial assistance.

In the case of water supplies, for instance, in 1938 there were 1,011 companies or authorities supplying water under Acts of Parliament, and 1,084 persons or companies without statutory powers.

More than 2,000 separate suppliers of water! To the muddle and waste which arises from this simple fact can be traced most of the troubles of this vital service.

No better off are the sanitation services.

In hundreds of rural districts costs of schemes for sewers and pumping—even joint efforts—are out of the question. Downham, near Clitheroe (which is a "reception area") wants to borrow £4,500 to improve a sewage system which its M.O.H. describes as "out of date and a nuisance."

It is still hoping, for to provide that money unaided means 7s. 6d. on the rates.

EVEN without the emergency demands parish councils and the smaller local authorities have mostly set their faces against any improvements which might mean rate increases. And there are thousands of these authorities.

WHITEHALL REMAINS UNAWARE OF THESE FACTS; THE GOVERNMENT IS DELIBERATELY OBTUSE.

Less than £5,000,000 from the Budget surplus to provide co-ordination of essential services would give us a new England.

But whoever has heard of Budget surpluses being devoted to Health expenditure?

Yet the Government is now planning a mass migration to unprepared areas which is to take place in a matter of hours or days, on a scale undreamt of in history.

And JOHN BULL believes that unless there is a radical change in the attitude towards the provision of adequate health services, we are facing one of the most tragic and costly mistakes of our time.

Family Foresight

HOME was becoming home once more in the house which, only a week before, had been flooded.

Carpets and other floor coverings had been cleaned and dried.

What was more, new furnishings had been ordered to replace those lost in the catastrophe.

It had been a depressing week—but how much happier the members of that family than were other people whose homes had been ruined.

The reason why can be judged from the letter which the householder sat down to write. It said:

"Being one of the sufferers from the flood we sent in our claim.

"We are now sending you our thanks for the prompt and most obliging manner in which you settled the claim.

"We want to advise everybody who reads your excellent paper: the free insurance means that JOHN BULL truly looks after the interests of its readers."

Have you taken that advice?

We stood by that family because, by the simple act of signing a coupon, they qualified for the protection of our unique free family insurance gift.

What about you? The coupon is on page 3. It costs nothing to sign.

A. G. Gardiner's Message to the Militia

These Men May Save the World!

IT is a momentous day in our history this June 3.

From 250,000 homes throughout the land the flower of the nation's young manhood is summoned to the roll-call of the nation's service.

It is an event without precedent in our peace annals, and I may be forgiven if I seize the occasion to speak directly to that vast audience of youth and the households upon which the call has come.

It is a call that touches the foundations of all that we mean by civilised life, not in our own land alone, but in all lands. A great terror has descended upon the earth, and the whole fate of humanity is in the balance.

Three powerful nations are leagued together to overthrow the reign of law in the world and to substitute the reign of the sword.

They have made a shambles of China, Abyssinia, and Spain.

They have trampled ruthlessly on the liberties of two nations in Europe, and they are openly committed to reduce the whole world to their rule of violence.

It is not the freedom of Europe alone which is in peril.

THERE IS NOT A COUNTRY ON EARTH IN WHICH THEIR SPIES AND THEIR ORGANISATIONS ARE NOT AT WORK TO UNDERMINE THE EXISTING STRUCTURE OF GOVERNMENT AND TO PREPARE FOR THE DAY WHEN THEY WILL OVERTHROW IT.

They acknowledge no moral law. They recognize the sanctity of no treaties. They observe no standards and honour.

The British soldier is now the guardian of the world's peace and security

Barrage of Lies

They use words only to conceal their intentions, and behind a barrage of lies stealthily conspire for the destruction of their neighbours.

Wherever they go all freedom perishes.

No liberty of speech, thought, action or worship is permitted, and everyone who refuses to grovel before the dictators is persecuted, exiled and plundered.

Everywhere the nations that are still free are burdened with the task of maintaining the vast hosts of refugees who are fleeing before a barbarism more savage than anything experienced in human history since the days of monsters like Tamerlane or Ghengiz Khan.

For the moment the three barbarian Powers are united in a common purpose—the destruction of free institutions in all countries, and the establishment of the hegemony of force.

They have divided the old world into three spheres of influence. Hitler is to conquer Europe, Mussolini is to dominate the Mediterranean and North Africa, Japan is to triumph in Asia and the Pacific.

But if and when these schemes are accomplished and all the nations lie enslaved under the iron rule of the conquerors, there will still be no peace.

Then the final struggle for world dominion between the victors will come.

And there is no doubt in Hitler's mind as to which nation is destined to be the ov lord of the earth.

He dreams of a world in which the German nation will possess the earth from the North Pole to the South, not by the sanction of peoples, but by the sword of a conqueror.

It is a mad dream, so mad that the world has been slow to believe it could be entertained even though Hitler has proclaimed it in word and speech and action for years.

The world believes it now.

It has awakened to the terrific menace that has been allowed to grow until it overshadows the earth and darkens the lives of every people in Europe, and far beyond Europe.

And it is this awakening that brings you, the 250,000 of our British youth, to answer the roll-call.

You have been summoned for the noblest of all tasks—to help to avert the threatened catastrophe.

TRULY SEEN, YOU ARE ENROLLING YOURSELVES TO-DAY, NOT FOR WAR, BUT TO SAVE THE PEACE OF THE WORLD.

Just as in time of flood, men throw up breakwaters to keep out the invading tide, so now the free nations of Europe, by arming themselves, are taking the only measure that can save them from being engulfed by the wave of barbarism.

We have allowed that wave to advance perilously near to its goal.

Why we have been so criminally negligent in high places, why we have stood idly by while the gangsters have reversed the decision of the Great War, and spread devastation in three continents, need not detain us here.

Mercifully we are awake now. We have shown the red light to the dictators, and we may hope and pray that we have shown it in time.

And there is no beam of the red light more significant than that cast by what you are doing.

Our Warning

It is a warning to the dictators that if they force the issue to a decision the whole resources of this country will be dedicated to defending the liberties of the world against Prussian militarism.

Hitler and his fellow-gangsters can no longer encourage their people to believe that we shall not fight, and that, in the language of one of them, the British Empire will pass to Germany by "capitulation."

It is that belief on which Hitler has gambled so long and so successfully. He can gamble on it no longer.

And there is another respect in which what you are doing to-day is of good omen.

However much we may dislike conscription, the fact of its adoption has sent a thrill of confidence throughout the countries which have looked to us for a lead.

Your action is felt throughout Europe, by friend and foe alike.

You are not simply 250,000 men. You are the announcement that, if the war-mongers insist on war, the whole might of the British Empire is committed to the struggle.

I Believe . . .

It is for these reasons that I believe that what you are doing to-day, coupled with the formidable power of the Peace Front which is being organised, will avert the plunge into war.

I may be wrong, but I am sure that nothing but the most uncompromising evidence that we are determined to stop the European bullies with all the force at our command will serve to stop them.

If that hope is disappointed, if Europe is doomed to traverse again the dreadful road that it pursued twenty-four years ago, then may I say to you in all sincerity that I wish I could join you in answering the call to-day.

FOR THE CAUSE TO WHICH YOU DEDICATE YOURSELVES IS THE HIGHEST CAUSE FOR WHICH ANY MAN CAN LIVE OR DIE. IT IS THE CAUSE OF HUMAN LIBERTY THE WORLD OVER.

It is the cause of that civilization which has been built up by the sacrifice of the free spirit of mankind through the ages.

It is the cause of international law against the lawlessness of brigands.

If that cause were doomed to perish from the earth then life would cease to be worth living.

It is your privilege to be the standard bearers of this great cause. Whatever the future holds for you and for us, the nation and the homes that send you forth know that you will be worthy of your trust.

NOTICE TO MILITIAMEN

"John Bull" was the champion of all soldiers and sailors during the Great War.

Since then, we have fought consistently to get fair play for ex-Servicemen. We are proud to think that we have secured pensions for hundreds who would otherwise have been cheated of their due.

We have waged many battles, too, on behalf of soldiers still serving — and of Territorials.

Now, with the advent of Conscription, we pledge ourselves to defend with equal vigour the rights of the new Militiamen.

Readers who will be called up for service, or who belong to any of the forces, are sure to have problems on which they want advice.

"John Bull" has made arrangements for a special department to deal with these queries.

So, if anyone is in doubt on any point, send particulars, as concisely as possible, to: Free Advice Dept., "John Bull," 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking envelope "Services" in top left-hand corner. Please also enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

CANDID CARTOONS by Kem

THE VOLGA BOATMEN

OPEN LETTERS

Lord DAWSON,

MY LORD,—Childless marriages and "single child sterility" are becoming the curse of Britain.

We are fast approaching the state when youth and age will be equal in numbers; when, as you say, vigour and adventure, love and laughter will begin to fade.

It is a prospect we must face now. If we wait a few years we shall be too late to save Britain from the decadence that must befall a kingdom of the aged.

You are not the only great doctor to believe that the good family has at least three children.

You are not the first to declare that, though birth-control is inevitable, the woman who has only one child harms both her body and mind.

But selfishness is not the chief reason for the fall in the birth-rate. Poverty and fear are powerful factors.

I am glad you support my demand for family allowances.

I demand also that big business and the professions shall remove the restrictions on early marriage.

And I know that the danger of war must be overcome before sensitive people will enlarge their families.

When all this is done, and not before, Britain will become a kingdom for youth.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
Drapers' Chamber of Trade

GENTLEMEN,—You act wisely in urging drapers to refuse discounts to employees' associations.

By indefensible price-cutting, trading clubs started privately in big offices are forcing many little shopkeepers to the wall.

They should be outlawed.—JOHN BULL.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
Lambeth Palace

YOUR GRACE,—This week-end, when conscription becomes a fact, the nation should form a mid-year resolution:

To give justice to a small and misunderstood minority—the conscientious objectors.

None of us, as you say, can remember without shame how they were often treated in the Great War. Shirkers and cowards deserve no sympathy; men who refuse military service because of their convictions deserve respect and that liberty which is their birthright.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. J. TINKER, M.P.,
Leigh, Lancashire

DEAR SIR,—Take the Secretary of Mines at his word. Accompany him on his mining tour, including the deep and hot pits of Lancashire.

And insist that the mine owners are given no word of his coming, so that he sees the normal conditions!—JOHN BULL.

LORD DE LA WARR,
President, Board of Education

MY LORD,—It will be a shameful slur on your Ministry if you allow the Peckham Health Centre to close owing to lack of funds.

There, a family can enjoy all the amenities of a first-class club, with gymnasium, swimming pool, reading and sewing rooms, and be under the eyes of specialists who protect the health of parents and youngsters alike.

You should see that this sanely splendid work goes on. You should also endeavour to extend it to other London boroughs and provincial cities.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—After working for more than thirty years as an auxiliary postman, Mr. Harry Watson has been informed by the Peterboro' postmaster that, as he is not physically fit, his services are no longer required. And he will not get a pension.

Your Department is notorious for its niggardly treatment of its employees. If regulations do not allow a pension to an auxiliary with thirty years' service, then those regulations should make you blush with shame.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. THORNTON WILDER,
Celebrated American Author

DEAR MR. WILDER,—I'm glad the reporters have made you talk, despite your shyness, on your arrival here for a holiday.

You think, and I agree, that man's creative genius has passed to those engaged in scientific research. Perhaps, you add wistfully, in another century or so the artist will come into his own again.

But what we need now are organisers of genius—men who could distribute the boons of science, ensure that we should all share the earth's riches, give us more leisure, and thus make the world a better place for artists and everyone else.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. C. ELEY,
Assistant Education Director, Essex

DEAR SIR,—A woman has been fined at Billericay for "failing to provide an efficient education."

You admitted in court that the school was a wooden hut, a dozen feet square, that part of it was made into the teacher's bedroom, and that there was only one window. The pupils had no desks.

Evidently the summons was addressed to the wrong person.—JOHN BULL.

THOMAS HENRY JONES,
Liverpool

SIR,—Suppose the police had not found you asleep over the wheel of the lorry you own; suppose you had driven drowsily on? Can't you imagine a crash involving the deaths of other road users?

Apparently you can't, so you amply deserve the £5 fine imposed on you for failing to take sufficient rest.

I have reason to say that many owner-drivers, and many big contractors whose drivers are too frightened to protest, are evading the regulations.

They, too, should be rounded up. And given no leniency!—JOHN BULL.

Sir WARREN FISHER,
Head of the Civil Service

DEAR SIR WARREN,—Is there no money left in the Treasury's coffers?

S class clerks—mostly ex-Servicemen—are entitled to pay increases up to 9s. a week and dating from the beginning of this year.

They cannot obtain the arrears which, now that the holiday season is here, would be very useful.

You're not hoping that if you delay long enough they may forget what is due to them?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Landlords have been increasing rents by 5s. or 10s. a week since their tenants were deprived of Rent Act protection. One M.P. is asking you to restore that safeguard.

You will refuse, of course, just as you refused to believe that decontrol would lead to exploitation.

So rent strikes are increasing. I trust they will grow so widespread that you will be forced to reverse a stupid and harsh decision.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Wyndham Childs'

SHAM COLONEL with a PRIVATE ARMY

ALMOST incredible vanity and impudence are revealed by my investigations into an organisation styling itself "Imperial Frontiersmen."

Many ex-Service officers and men have joined without, I am sure, realising that the moving spirit behind it is a jailbird and a brazen mountebank.

Preening himself in the rank of "Colonel, Chief of the Imperial Staff and Director Military Organisation," he takes the name of M. C. de Mountfalcon.

Not so long ago he was, as his fancy chose, calling himself Marquis de Mount Falcon, Count d'Avison, or Marquis de Goldstone.

That was before an Old Bailey Judge sent him to penal servitude for three years in 1935 for obtaining £3,000 by false pretences from a widow to whom he proposed marriage.

It then became known that his real name is Maurice Joseph Goldstone, and that he was a constable in the Cairo Police Force before he began his amazing masquerade.

He had been in jail on the Continent before he was brought to book in London.

Yet this is the man who has had the audacity to set himself at the head of what he describes as "a semi-military Corps of Irregulars, all of us volunteers, existing to co-operate with the Crown in case of National emergency."

Actually, he tries to make out that the Commanding Officer is a man named J. C. Mantell, of Crescent Street, Weymouth.

That is the address of the headquarters shown on the "Imperial Frontiersmen" notepaper, and Mantell played a prominent part in the formation.

But Joseph Goldstone, alias Mountfalcon, is the Boss all right, and writes letters about his tinpot "army" from his tiny flat in Oakley Square, London, N.W.

Mantell, whose address is honoured with the title of "Imperial Headquarters," runs a boot-repairing shop in one section of his premises and a soft drinks counter in another.

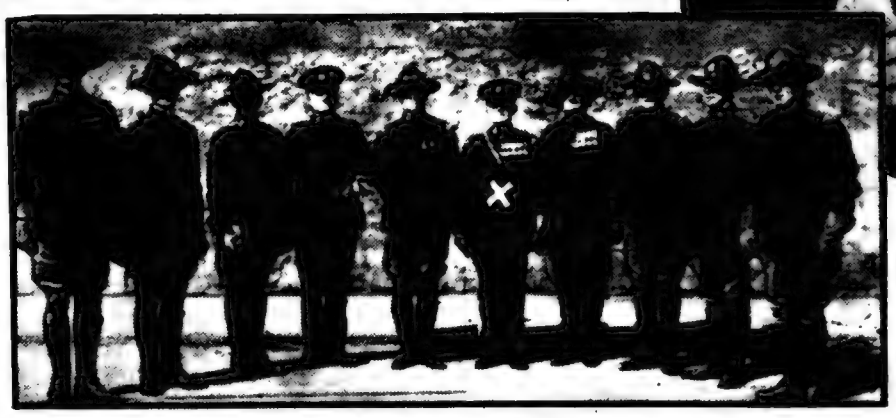
HOWEVER misguided he may be he no doubt felt, quite genuinely, that he could build up a Corps in opposition to the long-established Legion of Frontiersmen.

At one time he belonged to the Legion.

Mountfalcon, as he persists in calling himself, is also an ex-member of the Legion, but he was expelled.

With the knowledge he gained he has been able to copy the framework of the Legion.

Goldstone dressed like this when he was accepted in London as a man of title



J. C. Mantell, marked with X, photographed with members of the Legion of Frontiersmen when he belonged to that Corps. Now he is described as Colonel of the imitation "Imperial Frontiersmen"

Membership forms are very similar, and designs for the uniform are almost identical, except that the badges, clasps and buttons are different, and a cap is worn instead of a Stetson hat.

Having set up this palpable imitation of an old and greatly respected Corps, "Mountfalcon" is energetically trying to form units in various parts of the country.

To one man in Worthing he wrote: "Should you be able to form a troop of 25 I will recommend you to the O.C. for a commission."

What a farce, when he knows quite well that, whoever may be the ostensible Commanding Officer, he is the man who settles everything, for what it counts.

He kept up the same pretence when he wrote to a Captain, who holds the V.C., saying he had an offer to make to him on behalf of Colonel J. C. Mantell, M.M., Commanding Officer.

This Captain was asked to meet "Mountfalcon" at a club in South-West London, where the Imperial Frontiersmen have on occasions rented a room for their meetings.

Membership entrance fee is one guinea, and those who join have to provide their own uniform and are expected to use their own cars or motor cycles.

ABOUT a hundred ex-soldiers are stated to have joined this utterly superfluous organisation, but I am sure few, if any, will desire to continue their membership after reading this article.

Whatever National emergency may arise this country can well manage without the co-operation of any Corps with which an adventurer like "Mountfalcon" is associated.

On the contrary, it is monstrous that such a man can be allowed to assume such airs.

When one of my representatives saw him at his flat he gave a perfect exhibition of the vanity that seems to be second nature to him.

Dangling his monocle, he seemed condescendingly annoyed to think that anyone should ask any questions about his right to assume the rank of Colonel.

BUT when he was pressed he fell back on the flimsy argument that if the head of the Salvation Army could call herself General, surely he could describe himself as Colonel of the Imperial Frontiersmen!

That's the high and lordly manner in which he has sailed through the fantastic deceptions with which he spoofed London when he first came over here.

So well did he carry it off that he wormed his way to a high position in the Royal Stewart Society.

His great moment came when Prince Leopoid Lowenstein-Wertheimer, from Bavaria, and many well-known London Society people, attended a big banquet in a Park Lane hotel.

As Secretary and Privy Seal of the Society he sat at the main table, resplendent in evening dress with gold braid and silk facings.

He wore several decorations, and round his neck hung the star of what he said was the Royal Military Order of Danilo of Montenegro.

Photographs taken on that occasion helped him considerably to keep up his gigantic bluff.

He seemed to be able to get hold of plenty of money, and lived in an expensive flat.

One table he had there was stated to have belonged to the Emperor Napoleon. It had a portrait of Napoleon in the centre, and all round it were miniatures of his famous marshals.

Hangings, lampshades and various other things were embossed with a griffin crest.

Everywhere, for a long time, he was accepted as a real marquis or count.

When he tried the same bluff in Paris he was not quite so successful.

Posing as the "Duc de Montfalcon," he invited a number of distinguished persons to a lavish banquet. No one, however, recognised the title, and not a single invited guest turned up.

Then, pressed for cash, he tried to change some worthless cheques and landed himself in jail.

When the police searched his Paris flat they found more than 50 French and British decorations!

After serving his sentence he flitted to Brussels and tried the same game there, but the police were quickly on his track, and he was imprisoned for a month for falsely using a title.

So back he came to London.

When he was found out and placed in the dock at the Old Bailey he was asked why he called himself a marquis.

"Out of sheer vanity," was his cool reply.

And that is the man who dares to flaunt himself as a Colonel of the "Imperial Frontiersmen" and "Director of Military Organisation."

Public Benefactor

Readers can help me in my crusade, and save themselves and others from being tricked by advising me promptly of anything suspicious that comes to their notice.

Each week £1 1s. is paid for what is considered the most valuable information.

Mr. Malcolm Glynn, of 1, Hawthorn Street South, Millfield, Durham, received the award this week for telling me of a touring rogue.

Send me details of any grievance, scandal or injustice, and mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Took Bets, Also Ran

USING the names "George Smith" and "George King," a new crook is gilding an old trick with masterly finesse.

He walks into a shop and while making a small purchase mentions in his friendly way that he has just taken a house in the neighbourhood.

So perfect is his technique that it seems quite natural for him to explain that his wife has won a big sum in a competition.

That is why they have been able to buy a string of greyhounds for racing. He even exhibits a photograph of himself with some dogs.

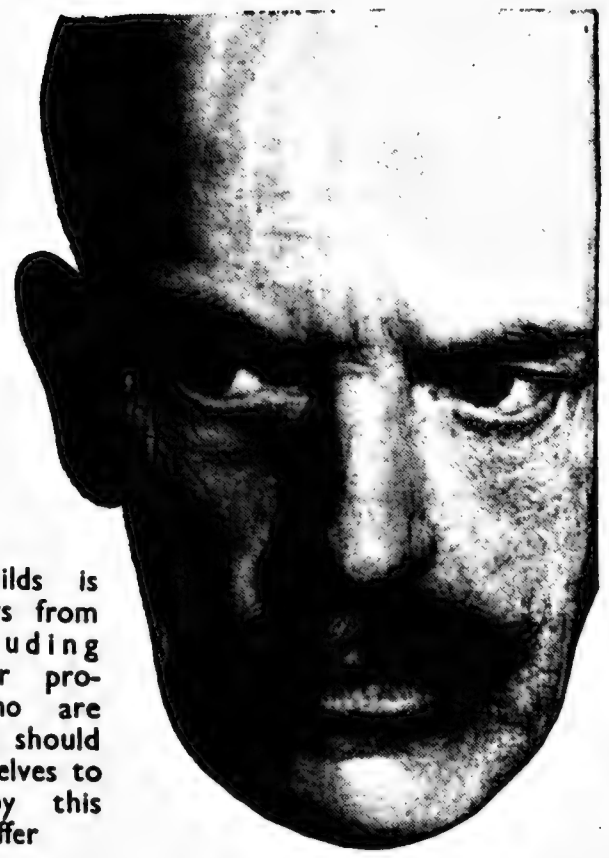
From that it is short step to making the shopkeeper interested in a dog down to run that night, and in the end he considers himself lucky to be in on the sure thing bet.

Of course, the charming customer takes the money—sometimes as much as £5—to make the bet.

The police are after him.

Weekly Warnings

Impudent "World Research" Snare



Sir Wyndham Childs is dealing with letters from many people, including doctors and other professional men, who are astonished that they should have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked by this encyclopaedia offer

SO widespread has become the encyclopædia bluff that I feel a special caution is needed.

People in all stations of life are being caught in a sweeping campaign carried out by the Consolidated World Research Society, Ltd., of the Strand, London.

They are being induced to buy an encyclopædia set under the impression that they are having it as a gift!

It seems impossible, I know, but that is where the sheer craftiness of this firm's representatives comes in.

Some idea of the extent of the despicable business may be gathered from the fact that, taking them at random, I have complaints before me from one end of the country to the other.

Just a few are from Leeds, Broadstairs, Cardiff, Sheffield, Birmingham, Norwich, Manchester, Doncaster, St. Leonards, Burnley, Hertford, Hastings, Bournemouth, Leicester, Ramsgate, Eastbourne, and all parts of London.

Generally the way is paved by a charming woman canvasser.

She calls on a professional man or householder to inform him that he has been selected to receive a free set of the encyclopædia.

It is, she explains, part of a big advertising scheme and all the lucky recipients are expected to do is to tell their friends about it—if, of course, they think the encyclopædia is a good one.

Then comes along another representative—a man this time—to offer congratulations.

Here is where the big illusion begins.

With masterly technique he explains that the ten volumes will be kept up to date by supplements issued quarterly.

There will, of course, be a small charge for these, but it is spread in instalments over a long period so that the money will scarcely be missed.

Use of the firm's Advice Bureau is also promised.

Signature to a form is obtained "as a mere formality," but it turns out to be an undertaking to pay £19 10s. at £1 10s. a month, which really amounts to paying for the encyclopædia.

The volumes, which are written from an American angle, prove to be worth nothing like that price.

One reader who was sued for the amount pleaded that the order had been obtained by misrepresentation. The company did not go into court!

I most earnestly advise everyone approached by canvassers of Consolidated World Research Society to show them JOHN BULL—and the door.

13,000 Miles—But We Got Him

Fashionable Dr. Robert Vivian Storer, who originally came to England from Australia and settled down to a flourishing practice in Cavendish Square, London, disappeared in mysterious circumstances some time ago.

JOHN BULL discovered why he vanished, and exposed him for having committed offences of a grave character. A warrant was issued for his arrest.

Back in Australia, he calmly opened another practice, but our exposure was reprinted there. In certain proceedings which followed, our Chief Commissioner, with a Scotland Yard detective, gave evidence on commission.

The Victorian Medical Board has now struck his name off the register.

Watch 'em

DOORSTEP cheapjacks about whom I specially cautioned you recently are particularly active these fine days, so be on your guard.

New one is a talkative man selling what he says is limed ox blood—"wonderful for the lawn, lady."

One Twickenham reader bought two sackfuls at 4s. each.

It turned out to be horse manure.

* * *

REPRESENTING a cheap polish as the product of a well-known firm, a woman is hoodwinking many housewives by charging 4s. 6d. a pint.

The polish shines beautifully for about two hours and then becomes greasy and smeared.

The firm whose name is being falsely used has informed the police.

* * *

PAMPHLETS dropped through letter-boxes in London suburbs urge anyone suffering from a disease that defies medical efforts to consult Mr. F. W. Knowles, of Gladstone Park Gardens, N.W.

He offers to give "immediate drugless pain relief."

Ignore him.

* * *

A WATERFORD, Eire, reader has received a letter bearing a Paris postmark from a refugee "living in the badest conditions."

Enclosed with the appeal for help was a tawdry brooch.

Requests like that don't come from genuine refugees.

Crooks' £75,000 Haul

TWO scoundrels I unmasked have just been sent to jail for three years.

One is Edward King, a sharepusher, and the other Joseph Leopold West, who robbed people over mythical property.

Both had fled to France and lived lavishly there before they were arrested.

Though the charges on which they were convicted at the Old Bailey, London, were not connected in any way, they had once been closely associated in the sharepushing racket.

Joseph Leopold West, you'll remember, opened up as Jackson, Hill and Partners, estate agents, of Bruton Street, Mayfair.

There was distinct style about his literature, his letter-heading, and everything in the entire ramshackle concern.

He obtained money from people for property which they imagined they had bought.

One woman who, unhappily, wrote to me too late lost nearly £700 and other victims included a man who was fleeced of more than £2,000.

West, whose real name is Joseph Suwalsky, was sent to jail for twelve months about four years ago after I had exposed one of his earliest ramps.

* * *

Edward King's share frauds were an offshoot of the notorious Ward, Daw and Company combination.

The long condemnation of their plundering methods which I published at the time saved many people.

Had they written to me in time, others who between them parted with about £75,000 could also have been saved.

John Nicholas Long, another crook, who was in the swindle, called here with all the confidence in the world to assure me that my exposure of him and his confederates was unjust.

* * *

All his aplomb had melted by the time he left after being acquainted with all I knew about him. He was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

I record the well-deserved punishment of these three City brigands chiefly to emphasise yet again that readers should write to me for advice *before* they risk their money in the tempting propositions flaunted by cunning rogues.

They're Prepared—Are You?

GENERAL EMERGENCY SERVICE, of 61, Chandos Street, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W., is circularising an offer of A.R.P. first-aid outfits.

I find the address is a small room, and when one of my representatives called there it contained two small tables.

Stacked against the wall were about twenty packages.

The outfits are priced at 30s. and 21s., to be delivered C.O.D.

Specialised scientific knowledge, it is claimed, has been given to the selection of the various dressings.

Urging that to-day the national slogan is "We've got to be prepared," the circular is very similarly worded to one recently sent out in official-looking envelopes marked "H.M. Service" from 191, Praed Street, London, W.2.

That address was a bare room where a man used to call each day for letters.

After a week the landlord, who had been paid a fortnight's rent in advance, saw nothing more of the man.

He had given the name of M. Hardy. On the last day of the week another man, who said he was Mr. Burns, called for the letters.

Neither "H.M. Service" nor "General Emergency Service" is recorded at the Business Names Registry.

After the urgent warnings that have appeared in JOHN BULL, readers are now no doubt wary of A.R.P. equipment offers of this kind.

Safest rule is not to buy anything without consulting your nearest A.R.P. office.

SHOP SCHEME JUGGLER

LEONARD BALLARD, ex-commercial traveller and shopping scheme juggler, had better take care.

He thinks that tradesmen can be plucked all the time by just changing the name of his trumpery concerns.

But trade protection organisations, particularly in the Midlands and the North, are beginning to know his methods almost instinctively.

Almost invariably the bait is that traders, by paying a subscription to some high-sounding association, will receive orders from canvassed householders.

Ballard is the nimble genius behind the whole idea and after scampering out of his ventures when I exposed them, he is again impudently trying the same bluff in a new guise.

Combine Retailers' Association he calls himself this time and he is operating from his house in Beaconsfield Road, Leicester.

An annual subscription of 55s. and a promise to pay 10 per cent. on all orders by customers recommended by the Association is the lure. Hull was chosen for a big drive recently.

Some receipts were marked "National Retailers' Association" and the name "S. Ladkin" appeared on some of them.

A man of that name was linked up with Ballard when he was running the United Kingdom (Retail) Discount Company of Leicester about three years ago.

Once again I urgently warn all tradesmen not to have anything to do with schemes of this kind until they have consulted their protection association.

Just Out

A grand new blend of selected tobaccos of

Top Quality

at

10 for 4D

5 for 2D

Your usual tobacconist is waiting to serve you

PASSING SHOW

CIGARETTES

MADE BY *Carreras* 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

P.S. 102

What HO!... she Bumps!

People sometimes write very nice letters to me, saying that their Murphy Set fell off a shelf, bounced round the room and still works as well — if not better — than ever! We don't actually design our sets to be thrown about the room, but it may be interesting to you to know that occasionally we do have "bumping contests." Crossing my fingers, and taking off my hat to the Transport and General Workers Union and the N.U.R., I know that there are times when the most careful of porters has to let go of a heavy case suddenly. That isn't so good for a wireless set, so we take steps, both in the sets and in the method of packing, to reduce to a minimum the risks of damage. Such things cost money, but they make for reliability and long life. You can't see either of these items when you buy your set. You find out about them afterwards.

B. J. POWER, *Managing Director.*

72 ALL-WAVE MAINS TABLE MODEL (illustrated above). This set has an exceptionally good all-round performance. New ABC scale, cathode ray indicator and 2-speed control make tuning simple. Quality of reproduction is really exciting. Variable selectivity enables you to enjoy high fidelity tone. Cabinet in polished walnut. The A.C. model can be fitted with the Press-Button or Armchair Control unit and the D.C. model with the Press-Button unit only.

Cash Prices A.C. MODEL **£12. 10**
D.C./A.C. MODEL £13 . 15.

Hire Purchase Terms on all Murphy sets. Prices shown do not apply in Eire.

MURPHY ARMCHAIR CONTROL. On most of the new Murphy A.C. models, you have the advantage of Armchair Control if you wish it. This is an entirely optional extra and can be fitted at any time. Armchair Control enables you to tune six stations (limited only by local conditions) by means of press buttons and control the volume without moving from your chair up to 12 feet away from your set. When not in use the unit becomes an integral part of the receiver. *Cash Price* £3. 10.

THE PRESS BUTTON UNIT, also an optional extra, can be fitted to practically all new Murphy sets, and gives you the same choice of press button stations, but once fitted it is a fixture in the set. *Cash Price* £1. 15.

Choose your own tuning

with

MURPHY

Radio

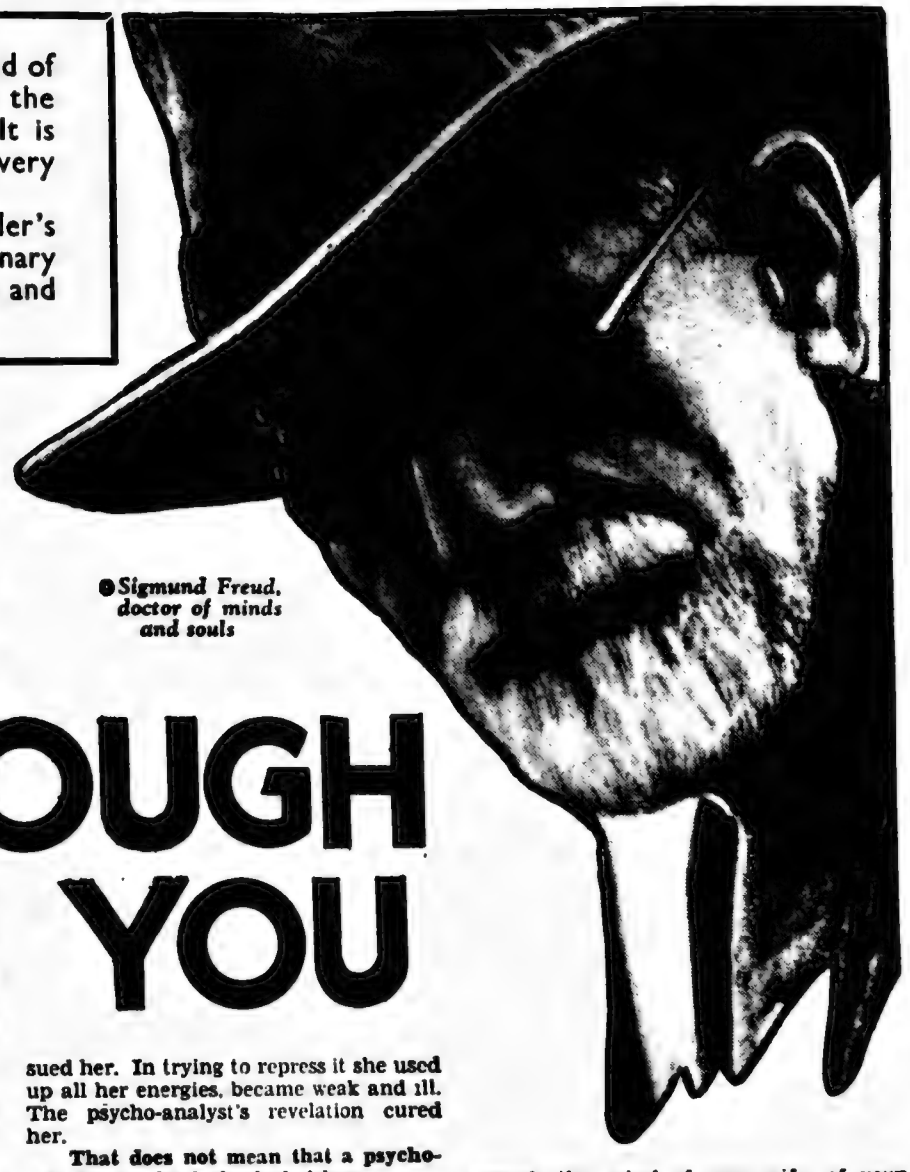
Murphy Radio Limited, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire. *Telephone: Welwyn Garden 800*

C.R.C. 105

Originator of psycho-analysis, greatest explorer in the world of thought, Professor Sigmund Freud raises a new storm with the publication of his latest book, "Moses and Monotheism." It is being attacked, praised, wrangled over—and devoured by every scholar.

Freud, most distinguished of German refugees, is one of Hitler's free gifts to the democracies. On this page his revolutionary theories about your mind are stripped of their technicalities and simply explained.

HE SEES THROUGH YOU



●*Sigmund Freud, doctor of minds and souls*

A GENTLE old man offers you a comfortable chair in his study. His eyes look at you searchingly, but not indiscreetly.

His manner is impressive, but not commanding. His questions penetrate deeply into your mind, and from your own answers you learn about yourself. Thoughts and impressions become clear within you; before, they were vague and unknown.

The man is Professor Sigmund Freud, greatest living psychologist, the doctor of souls and minds. He lives now in North London because Hitler has driven him from the study in Vienna which he made the centre of the world's psychological research.

With his searching questions he carries on his analysis and treatment at the same time.

For more than 50 years this 83-year-old scholar has taught and treated soul-sick patients and discovered and developed the theory that transformed the world.

What is his revolutionary theory? Its clue word is "sub-conscious."

You may never have heard of Freud and his "Psycho-analysis." You may never have set eyes on one of his books.

But you know this word "sub-conscious" without realising that he has given it to the world.

YOU try to think of something which only a short time ago was clearly present in your mind. You have forgotten it. Have you? No; it has only lapsed into your unconscious mind, and for some reason refuses to emerge to consciousness.

There are many thoughts hidden within you like this. They enter your brain at the rate of thousands per second.

You may not realise it at once, but they leave their mark behind.

They reappear at odd moments and, intermingled with other thoughts, often direct your thinking and acting in odd ways for which you cannot account.

There is a silent battle going on among your thoughts all the time.

Some of them seek expression, others fight to repress an original idea. Considerations of impulse and reason struggle for victory.

These thoughts, hidden in your sub-conscious mind, are the hunting-field of Freud and his psycho-analysis.

So that, unknown to yourself, they may not create confusion in your brain, he and his disciples try to bring them out into the open.

That is why psycho-analytical treatment consists largely of careful examination of the patient's thoughts and dreams, because dreams, too, are nothing but unconscious thoughts.

In many cases it is essential that "the sub-conscious" should be revealed.

BECAUSE in the battle of thoughts victims might be claimed and you yourself might be the chief one.

That, in essence, is the Freudian theory.

Freud has studied mankind's thoughts and explored the meaning of symbolic expressions almost for a lifetime.

He believes that there are three centres sending out thoughts, groups which sometimes intermingle but which always play a decisive part in your actions.

Superficially speaking, he has named the centres the "Ego," the "It," and the "Super-Ego."

The "Ego" has the conscious thoughts. You know what is going on therein. But the "It" is hidden and its creations emerge only from time to time rationally. They enter the "Ego" and influence it.

THOSE WHO WORK ON THE FREUDIAN THEORY PLACE CHIEF IMPORTANCE ON RESEARCH INTO THE CHILD'S MIND.

What the child is taught, what a child experiences leaves a mark for life, they say.

Child impressions are carried on into adult life and emerge in most astonishing forms.

There was a man who always entered a room shouting and creating an uproar. He had no intention of doing so and was himself embarrassed by his noisy habit.

Psycho-analysis was tried as a cure. It appeared after many sittings and intricate questioning that this man, as a child, had been afraid of being shouted at by his father.

He developed the habit of shouting himself, so as to anticipate anybody else shouting at him.

REVEALING THE SOURCE OF THE TROUBLE AND EXPLAINING IT TO THE PATIENT, THE PSYCHO-ANALYST ACHIEVED A COMPLETE CURE.

MOST children who are terrified by their fathers remain terrified all their life, and are always under some sort of secret fear, of which they cannot rid themselves.

Others try to recompense themselves in adult life for repressions they underwent in a too strict home.

They become domineering, try to boss their associates and sometimes develop into grousy, intolerant people whom nobody likes. A psycho-analyst can easily cure them.

Secret fears and wishes of which people are themselves unconscious play a terrific part in their lives.

There was once a girl—let us call her Ida—who became very fond of her brother-in-law.

One day her sister died after a short illness. Soon Ida fell ill. No doctor could diagnose the complaint or cure for her. There was nothing physically wrong with her.

A psycho-analyst took up the treatment. After careful and prolonged questioning he discovered—and Ida reluctantly admitted it herself—that her first—quite unintentional—thought after her sister's death was: "Now I can marry my brother-in-law."

Ida, who had loved her sister dearly, dismissed this notion of joy.

The thought was absurd. But it pursued her. In trying to repress it she used up all her energies, became weak and ill. The psycho-analyst's revelation cured her.

That does not mean that a psychologist can heal physical sickness.

Freud would be the last to pretend this. In most cases your family doctor or the specialist is the most competent to deal with sickness. But there are cases when the soul is ill and makes the body suffer.

THIS is so with many people whose apparent shortcomings in life have a mental disturbance at the root, a disturbance which has nothing to do with insanity and, when recognised, can be cured.

Freud, in this context, has created another new word: "inhibition."

A "something" often prevents people from doing the most natural thing. They cannot find an explanation for their reluctance to do this or that, because they are unaware of the sub-conscious obstacle.

The psychologist's task is to find the source of it all, reveal to the patient his own sub-conscious mind and remove the obstacle.

Psycho-analysis has now abandoned an expression which has become a household word. It is yet another creation of Freud: the word "complex."

The "inferiority complex," for instance, has become a by-word. It means that, afflicted with it, you regard yourself as weaker, less capable than you really are, and it prevents you from exploiting your capabilities because you never try what you believe to be beyond your ability.

If Freud would analyse Hitler, it is said, he would attribute the Nazi leader's excesses to a "converted inferiority complex" created through failures in early life.

Once upon a time all these theories did not seem to matter much. Earlier psychologists, teachers and doctors, thought that everything could be controlled by will-power and everything explained by reason.

That there is such a thing as "the Unconscious" which regulates our life and chiefly directs our actions was undreamt of until Freud explored minds.

You yourself, although you know little of him, are under his influence. You search the mind of your wife, of your friends for hidden motives.

You excuse their whims and shortcomings with psychological explanations. You are in a small degree his disciple.

People act and react differently since he started teaching. Scientists take the result of his labour into account.

Much play has been made with Freud as the discoverer of "sex." He is said to have made the world "sex-conscious," and prudish people hold this against him.

But their accusations are based on misconception. He has only cleared the sordid air which formerly surrounded all sex questions.

He has dragged sex on to the operating theatre of science as a vital motive behind most of our doings.

We can discuss it freely and strip away its mystery and secrecy because of Freud, and he has thus contributed enormously to a healthier atmosphere throughout the civilised world.

Criminology has profited, too. Cross-examination could not be carried out so successfully without a knowledge of psychology.

NOBODY would think or speak as they do of prison reform, bother about human treatment of convicts, consider the cases of juvenile offenders and the mental effects of punishment were it not for Freud.

Problems like "neurosis," much talked of nowadays in layman's circles, and "mass-hysteria" could not be examined and solved without his teachings.

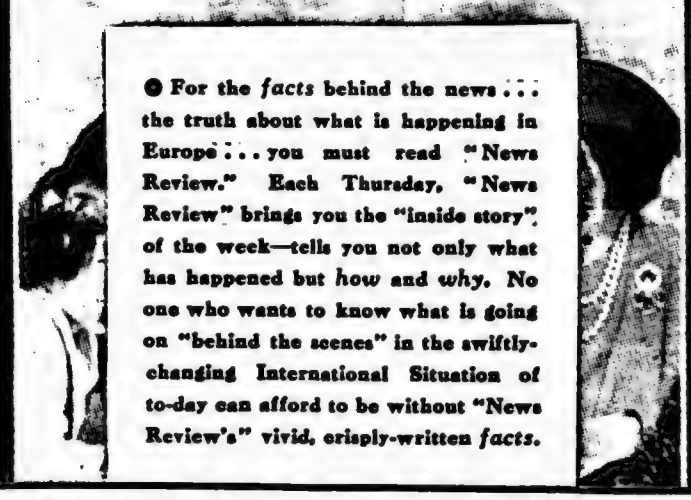
A great man with thousands of friends and admirers, and, naturally, with many enemies who criticise and denounce him, Freud goes his way unperturbed.

He never argues: "I have, I believe, opened a path"—that is what he says—"where it will ultimately lead to I do not know."

But this doctor of the soul seems to have his greatest task to-day in a world which suffers so much from violent actions based on inexplicable philosophies

watch

NEWS REVIEW



● For the *facts* behind the news . . . the truth about what is happening in Europe . . . you must read "News Review." Each Thursday, "News Review" brings you the "inside story" of the week—tells you not only what has happened but *how* and *why*. No one who wants to know what is going on "behind the scenes" in the swiftly-changing International Situation of to-day can afford to be without "News Review's" vivid, crisply-written *facts*.

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33.

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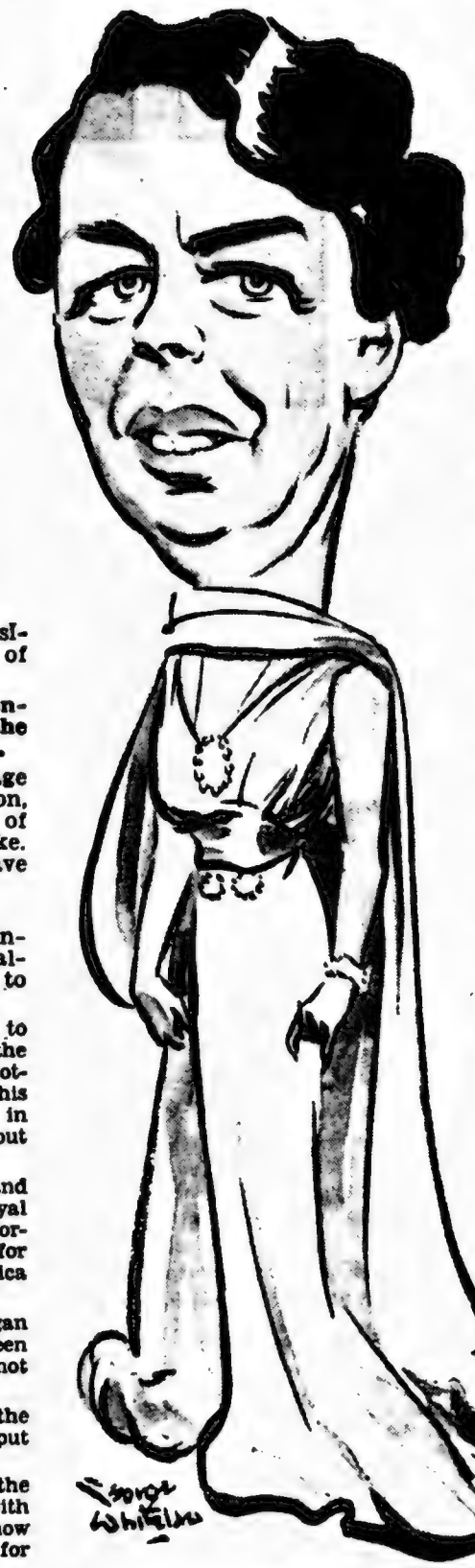
HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

Eleanor Roosevelt — A VERY GREAT WOMAN



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT is not only the First Lady in the United States, but the first wife of an American President to step out from the White House and insist on having a personality of her own.

Martha Washington, wife of the first President, has a grave by her husband's side at Mount Vernon. It is in the grounds of the colonial house which George VI, wiping out the shame of George III, will be visiting in a day or two.

Otherwise, Martha Washington merely set the tradition that a President's wife should keep her mouth shut.

But nothing could stop Eleanor Roosevelt. Indeed, she signalised her husband's succession to the White House by becoming a columnist—breaking all the rules at once!

Every afternoon, wherever she may be, she sends to the local telegraph office an article describing her daily life. Printed in sixty-nine newspapers, the column reaches 4,500,000 readers every day.

In it she deals with considerable frankness with what she has been doing. She discusses not only cooking and the kitchen, but sometimes even foreign policy. At heart a Radical, she doesn't care a hang who knows it.

SHE talks on the radio. She addresses women's meetings. She is one of the busiest people in America.

She jokes. She meets all and sundry. And she wisecracks and answers back.

"She is always getting the President into trouble—like the rest of her family," say critics.

The truth is that she has humanised the White House, taken the stilts off, made it democratic. . . .

She started off with the advantage of an education in Wimbledon, which at least gave her an idea of what one part of Europe was like. Most other Presidents' wives have had Middle-West minds.

TO-DAY we can thank her for undoing the harm that Officialdom did to the King's visit to Washington.

Stiff Shirts were even reported to have told the White House that the King and Queen would want seven hot-water bottles during their stay—this although the average temperature in Washington in June is somewhere about 90!

They demanded linen sheets and ordered that the position of the royal suite should not be made known, forgetting that there is only one suite for honoured visitors, and that all America had read about it.

How the columnists jeered! It began to look as though it would have been better if the American trip had not been arranged.

Then Mrs. Roosevelt summoned the women reporters and, with a smile, put it all right.

More than that, she sweetened the Press by arranging a dress parade, with herself as the only mannequin, to show some of the gowns she had bought for the Royal visit.

For nearly an hour and a half she changed her clothes, while thirty reporters, photographers and newsreel cameramen made notes, exposed plates and turned the wheels round.

The truth is that, when the King and Queen reach Washington, they will meet an ideal hostess.

There will be the President's gracious smile, beaming and generous, and, at the other end of the table, there will be Eleanor, frank and friendly, an expert on everything American, the perfect companion of the greatest man, except Lincoln and Washington, who has ever sat in the White House.

You may not, here in England, appreciate Eleanor Roosevelt's courage in deciding that an all-black choir and the Negress, Marian Anderson, will be among the American artists to entertain our King and Queen.

This is her staggering reply to those snobs, the Daughters of the American Revolution, who recently refused to allow Marian Anderson to sing in their hall in Washington, merely because she was a "coloured person."

Mrs. Roosevelt rushed to the side of the Negress and arranged that she should sing in front of the Lincoln Memorial, with senators present and a great crowd to cheer.

Now, in so doing, she was challenging those countless people who, in the Southern States, are traditionally Democratic, and yet who, almost to a man and a woman, are bitterly anti-Negro.

Millions of these will regard her action as a personal affront. Yet, in a splendid way, she has tried to make true what has long seemed a jest—that, under the Constitution, "all men are free and equal."

Only a very great woman could have done that.

YES, for years, at odd times, Mrs. Roosevelt has urged freedom for Tom Mooney; demanded better wages for domestic servants; and, almost to the embarrassment of the Secretary of State, taken sides against Franco, Hitler and Goebbels.

No other President would have stood it. But then, you see, the partnership of the Roosevelts is more than a love affair.

They shared those eight terrible years when Franklin Roosevelt, stricken down by infantile paralysis, spent what seemed an eternity on his back.

When his wife was not sitting in the sick room, she was out studying politics, watching public affairs, just to keep her husband's interest alive.

She was his contact with the world, his eyes, his ears. But for her, he would have lost all ambition.

So it was that she developed a personality which to-day nothing can suppress. When they burlesque her in revues, she laughs. When they sing comic songs about her, she takes part in the choruses.

Opposing her are all the Diehards of America, and all the selfish interests.

And yet, when they attack her and her children—seizing upon them as the best means of discrediting her husband—she smiles and answers back. And she invariably wins.

Indeed, if you can imagine a Nancy Astor, a Duchess of Atholl, and an Ellen Wilkinson all mixed up—if you can put into one body Lady Astor's cheek, the Duchess's knowledge and Ellen Wilkinson's heart—well, there is the best description of Eleanor Roosevelt that I can give.

Until she arrived at the White House, the President's wife was supposed to go to church with him on Sunday morning. She was supposed to sit at his table. Now and then she was allowed to say "Yes." But she had no mind of her own, and the most she could do was to open a bazaar.

She was a slave. Now, Eleanor Roosevelt has freed even the President's wife.

ON the official yacht, she and her husband will take the King and Queen down the beautiful Potomac River and then land with them in that gracious pleasance known as Mount Vernon, where, in a colonial house, Washington's furniture is labelled as though it were in a museum.

His farm buildings remain. It is almost like Hampton Court in the country.

There the Roosevelts will point reverently to the Washington graves. Bareheaded, the four will stand.

And, in that moment, History will roll back, and the Present will apologise for a terrible blunder made by the Past.

"Greatest of These"

FOR three years ill-health has robbed Ex-Serviceman Richard Southcott of any chance of a job.

All the time he struggled on with his wife and four children. Their clothes wore to rags. Mrs. Southcott went out to work to try to buy more. Instead, her earnings had to be spent on food.

Stanley

Then, wearied and heartbroken, she became ill. Soon she will go into hospital for an internal operation.

Through rent arrears and a court order for payment of £9 10s. the family borrowed from a money-lender.

Now 10s. a week has to be paid on the loan and 10s. 6d. a week rent.

Will you help by sending a donation earmarked "Stanley" to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2?

Or would you like to make a general contribution to the Fund?

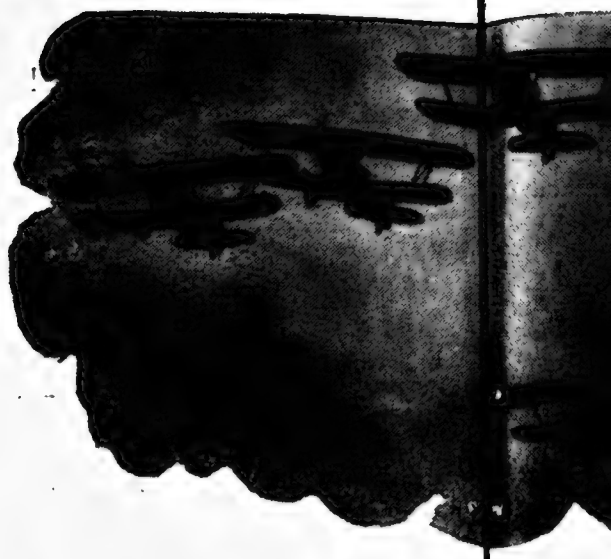
Remember, we have quoted only one of hundreds of cases dealt with. The strain on the Fund's resources is ever growing, and we invite your help.

All sums will be gratefully acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Administration expenses connected with the fund are borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We gratefully acknowledge T. N. for 10s. from "Wirral."

The LID off A.R.P.



By Professor J.B.S. Haldane

FAR less than half the mothers of children under five in dangerous areas have shown themselves willing to register themselves and their children for evacuation.

I happen to think that those who did not register were mistaken. But I am a democrat and must respect their opinion.

The failure to register shows more clearly than any number of ballots or answers to questionnaires that the people of Britain do not trust the official A.R.P. schemes. How far are they right?

This article is an attempt to answer the question. I shall try to answer it as fairly as I can for two reasons.

First of all, although I am a strong critic of official measures of protection, I am sure that some of them are better than nothing.

And so, if I tried to persuade people that their respirators are useless because they do not give full protection against all gases, or that because Anderson shelters won't stand up to direct hits they had better not use them, I should be responsible for some deaths in the event of war.

Lightning Blow

Secondly, as a scientist, I know that there is no such thing as absolute safety, and one cannot fairly criticise Sir John Anderson because he does not offer it to us.

But we can ask whether he could not give us a great deal more safety than we are likely to get.

German writers on war agree that Germany could not fight for three or four years. So they hope to win by a lightning blow in the first month.

Britain cannot be invaded, and attacks on shipping could not starve us in less than a year. The knock-out can only come from huge bombing raids. And our own authorities mostly think that after the first month air raids will become less serious.

IF THIS IS TRUE, A.R.P. IS THE MOST VITAL FORM OF NATIONAL DEFENCE. LET US SEE WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

Our fighting planes, anti-aircraft guns and balloon barrages can bring down some bombers, and drive others back.

But no-one knows what proportion will be brought down. If it is one in four, we shall have won the war.

If it is one in fifty we shall have lost it—unless we have some other form of defence. What have we got?

Adults are fairly well protected against gas, provided their respirators fit. Most of them do, but some don't.

There should be a room in every town where anyone who wants to can test his or her mask against tear gas.

At any rate, we are better protected than any other people, and as long as this is so, gas will be mainly used against our allies in a war.

But there is one very big gap in our defence. There are no gas masks for most babies.

This is particularly serious because many babies are not being evacuated from the most dangerous areas, and because the Anderson shelter is not gas-proof, and cannot be made so.

If it were gas-proof the occupants would be suffocated in a few hours!

There are respirators for a few thousand babies. Manufacture of many more is of the utmost urgency.

Foremost authority on A.R.P. and bomb shelters, Professor Haldane went to Spain to study defence measures during the civil war. In 1915 he took command of a bombing school. Two years later he was wounded by an aerial bomb. He is now a Fellow of the Royal Society, works at London University, and knows as much as anyone living about the perils of air attack.

Here's the Danger

Moreover, mothers must learn to put the child in and seal it up quickly, and then to work the pump to supply it with air.

EVERY TOWN SHOULD HAVE ONE OR MORE OF THESE MASKS, SO THAT MOTHERS CAN LEARN WHAT TO DO, BEFORE THEY ARE ISSUED IN BULK.

IF YOU HAVE A BABY, WHY NOT WRITE TO YOUR M.P. ABOUT THIS?

The fire brigades are being expanded, though too slowly for my liking. But the big danger is from high-explosive bombs. Against these, we have five kinds of protection.

For those who live in two-storey houses with yards or gardens, there are, or will be, Anderson shelters.

These are not gas-proof nor splinter-proof. I have seen splinters enter the open door at an official test.

They are said to be blast-proof for goats, but no-one knows whether a man would be killed where a goat survives.

And they are often flooded, and are no use against a direct hit.

So a lot of people think they are no use at all, and have refused them. I think they are wrong.

If you compare a person sitting in an Anderson shelter with another sitting in a house, a bomb has to fall much nearer in order to kill the man in the shelter.

A quarter-ton bomb bursting 30 ft. off will knock down most of a brick house, but unless it bursts in front of the door it won't harm the people in the shelter, except perhaps by blast.

So an Anderson shelter cuts down the chance of being killed to half or a quarter. If I could, I would get one, but that wouldn't stop me asking for something better.

Other people are to have their basements propped. Don't ask where you are to go while the props are being put in, if you happen to live in a basement!

Everyone agrees that props can be made to stand the weight if the walls and roof of an average English house are knocked over. But if the floor above the basement is made of wood, many architects think it would often give way between the props.

Whether or not the weight of a brick house can be supported, it is certain that the heavy walls of stone-built houses in Scotland and Northern England would fall through into the basement.

Besides this, there are other dangers in a basement—for example, from burst gas-pipes.

Poisonous

Your respirator filters off the smell of coal gas, but lets through the poisonous carbon monoxide. And a bomb with a delayed-action fuse may fall into the basement and kill everyone in it.

Certainly, then, a basement is not so safe as an Anderson shelter or a trench.

In some of the most crowded areas of all, there are no yards, no basements, and no protection. A conference called by Sir John Anderson reported:—

"We consider it of paramount importance that alternative methods suited for application to such areas should be devised, and that no time should be lost in putting them into operation.

"The majority of such areas are likely to be densely populated by people of small means."

The conference was too polite to say what it thought of a Department which, after four years, had not even got a plan on paper, much less any real protection, for millions of people.

Factories and places of business employing more than fifty people have to give them shelters. None of these shelters is proof against a direct hit, but again they are better than nothing.

However, the law is very unfair. Some firms can make the shelters easily, others will have to disorganise their business completely to do so.

Besides this the standards allowed vary greatly, and the workers in some factories will be far safer than in others.

IT IS UP TO THE TRADE UNIONS TO SEE THAT THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE STANDARD IS REACHED.

Finally, there are trenches for about one-tenth of the inhabitants of some towns, and a few shelters for people caught in the streets.

The trenches are usually long and straight, whereas every soldier knows that they should be zigzag.

But the Government will not admit that it has made a mistake, so these trenches are being strengthened and covered without any change in their design. A single bomb, therefore, might kill a hundred people.

In Seven Minutes

A year ago I recommended steel shelters, propped basements, and trenches as a temporary programme. But I never regarded them as anything but a makeshift.

THE ONLY REAL SAFETY IS UNDERGROUND.

There are five possible kinds of underground shelter. In every case, there must not only be room for people, but they must be able to get in within the seven minutes' warning which we are promised.

This means that the entrances must be broad enough, and most people must be within about 300 yards of an entrance by day and 200 yards by night.

Even this will not be near enough unless infirm people are evacuated.

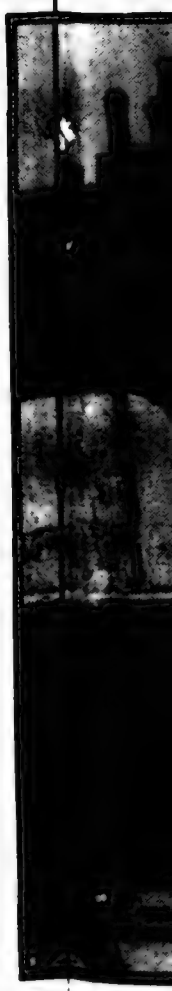
Where there is chalk or soft rock, as, for example, in Leeds and Nottingham, tunnels can generally be made for £3 to £7 per head.

Where there is stiff, dry clay, as in many parts of North London, tunnels can be made at a depth of 60 ft. for about £12 per head.

Where large numbers of people are crowded together, very large shelters with concrete roofs are possible. For example, during the day there are 12,000 people within 300 yards of Finsbury Circus.

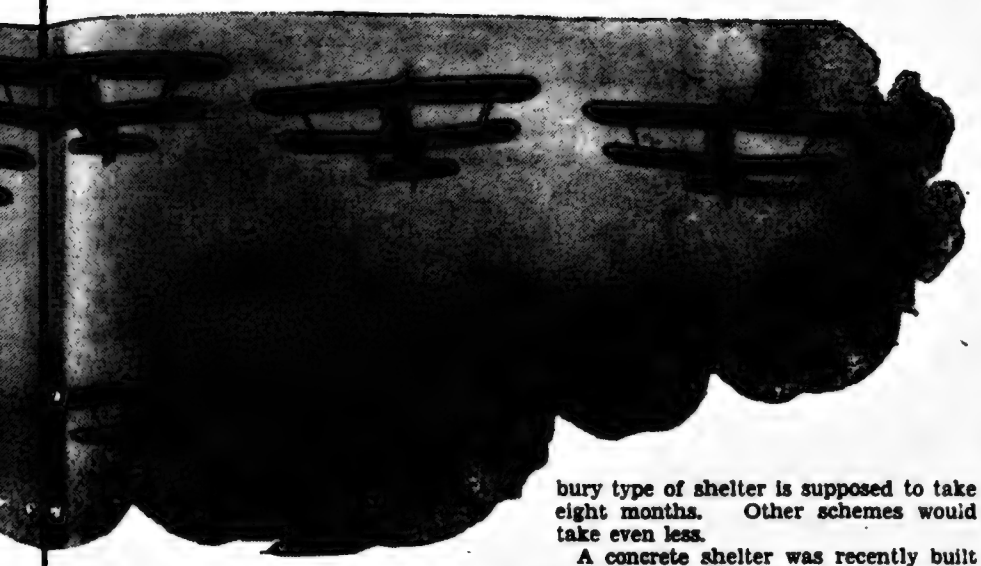
These shelters can be used for parking motor vehicles in peace-time. They cost about £10 12s. per head.

Where the people are more scattered, smaller concrete shelters can be made. The cost is £15 to £20 per head.



A.R.P.

Every man and woman in Britain should read—and study—these REVELATIONS by a FAMOUS SCIENTIST



These costs include gas-proof ventilation, seating, lighting, and sanitation.

EVERY SHELTER MUST HAVE TWO OR THREE ENTRANCES IN CASE ONE IS BLOCKED BY A BOMB.

Let us hear some of the arguments against these shelters.

The cost will bankrupt the country, we are told. Well, the average cost is about £12, and a good funeral costs more than that.

Conscript Concrete

I would sooner spend £12 to be underground before I am dead than after.

The total cost for the dangerous areas would be about £250,000,000—a huge sum, but about one-eighth of what we are to spend on armaments.

We are told that the cost would go up if they were built on a big scale. Of course it would—if profiteering were allowed.

To keep the cost down the Government would have to conscript the concrete industry as it conscripted the railways in 1914.

We are told that deep shelters would take many years to build. Yet the Finsbury type of shelter is supposed to take eight months. Other schemes would take even less.

A concrete shelter was recently built in the Swiss city of Zürich in six weeks. And in Spain many cities, though not Barcelona, got complete shelter in their central areas within less than a year.

We are told that the effort would interfere with armament production. Yet there is plenty of unemployment in the concrete industry, and among the miners who would have to make the tunnels in rock.

Moreover, if there were shelters in residential areas we should be able to concentrate our anti-aircraft guns to defend factories and ports needed to carry on a war.

We are told that even if a shelter is proof against half-ton bombs, a single bomb weighing a ton or more could kill several thousand people.

This may be an argument against the "Finsbury" design of shelter.

A.R.P. is going well ahead overground, as this picture of a mock air raid shows. But what is being done underground?

It is certainly not true of concrete shelters divided up into cells holding fifty people each, which was the case in Spain.

Actually, though we can't give 100 per cent. protection, we can give so much that instead of a ton of bombs killing about twenty people, many tons would be needed to kill one on an average.

If this were done air raids would not be worth while.

We are told that people would rather take their chances at home than walk or run to a shelter at night. This certainly won't be true after the first air raid.

We are also told that people would spend all their time underground. I agree that if, during the first month, there were a raid on London every hour, a good many people would do so.

But they would be alive at the end of the month, and able to start work again.

THE ALTERNATIVE IS NOT "BUSINESS AS USUAL," BUT UNORGANISED PANIC FLIGHT.

Next we come to evacuation.

The country is divided into three zones. From the evacuation zone—consisting of London and other towns—children, mothers of babies, expectant mothers, and blind people are to be evacuated if they or their parents desire it. Many hospital patients will also be evacuated.

Then there is a neutral zone, which includes such thoroughly dangerous places as Enfield, where there is a great arms factory, and Middlesbrough, an industrial town on the East Coast.

The rest of the country is the reception zone.

I am entirely in favour of children going into the country.

For if bombs are aimed at a village they often miss, and even if they hit, the casualties per ton are far smaller than in a town.

Poor "Resorts"

But London children are to be sent to such places as Chelmsford and Leiston. Chelmsford is a town on the direct route from Germany to London.

If bombers are driven off from London, they will drop their bombs somewhere on the way home.

And their favourite targets will be towns like Chelmsford so large that if a bomb is aimed at the middle it is bound to hit something, even if it misses its mark by half a mile.

As for Leiston, it is two miles from the East Coast, and has a large shell factory!

No wonder mothers will not go to such places, or let their children go there.

But we are told there is no room in the country districts. This is true, but it need not be true.

First of all, school camps could be built.

At present they are planned to take one-fiftieth of the children by the end of the year.

So at the present rate there will be camps for all children by 1989!

Secondly, far more children could be billeted in villages if they were given water supplies and drains.

THIRDLY, IF WE CONSCRIPT OUR YOUNG MEN, THERE IS NO ARGUMENT LEFT AGAINST CONSCRIPTING COUNTRY HOUSES.

THERE ARE SCORES OF THESE HOUSES WHICH COULD EASILY TAKE A WHOLE SCHOOL, AND YET ARE NOT SO BIG AS TO BE AN EASY MARK FOR BOMBS.

In spite of all this, as I say, I believe that the mothers who have not asked for evacuation are mistaken.

They may be sent to a dangerous area, but on the whole they are likely to be safer than in the large towns.

However, so many people are being sent to danger zones that at present the Government dare not tell most people where they are going.

Hence the teachers can make no arrangements in advance, and the whole evacuation scheme may yet break down for this reason.

"Dictators"

Some of the services are excellent, but far too much importance has been attached to them.

APART FROM EVACUATION, WHICH MUST BE NATIONALLY ORGANISED, EFFECTIVE A.R.P. IS NINE-TENTHS ENGINEERING AND ONLY ONE-TENTH ORGANISATION.

If we had real shelters, most of the casualty organisation would not be needed, to take a single example.

Sir John Anderson, who is an organiser and not an engineer, is treating it as nine-tenths a matter of organisation and one-tenth of engineering.

And the organisation is being used to take away the rights of local authorities and give them to "dictators."

I should not mind if the central organisation were efficient. But it isn't.

The London County Council has organised the evacuation as far as London's borders very well.

Outside London, the Government takes over and nobody knows where he or she is going.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

Get your local authority to work out a shelter plan.

This will need a survey, for there is no census of the day-time population, and often no plans of sewers and gas-pipes.

If the Government turns down the plan, then it is up to you to convince your M.P. that unless he or she demands shelter for you, you will turn him or her out.

Insist that parents and teachers should know where children are going, and that they should not be sent to dangerous towns with no shelters.

Mass Protest

YOU WILL GET PROTECTION IF THERE IS A GREAT POPULAR MOVEMENT FOR IT, AND NOT OTHERWISE.

SO IT IS UP TO YOU.

Above all, if you are interested, try to get your neighbour interested, too.

It is only by a nation-wide mass protest that the official policy will be changed.

I am trying to interest you because I have seen too many people killed in air raids in Spain to want to be killed myself.

You can call me a coward if you like. But I want to see a bit more of this kind of cowardice.

STANLEY BISHOP

Our Famous Reporter and Criminologist, says

"I AM BAFFLED BY THIS CRIME"

NEVER was there a more incomprehensible murder than that of Lieut.-Col. J. S. Fitzgerald, in command of the 2nd Battalion East Surrey Regiment.

He was shot down and killed in his own orderly room by one of his own subalterns.

And if ever there was a stranger place for deliberate murder than a British Army orderly room—well, I'll leave the fiction writers to discover it.

The 2nd East Surreys, just beginning a spell of foreign service, were part of the garrison of "The Rock."

Europe was not troubled then with crises and alarms, and military routine at Gibraltar ran on smoothly and without excitement.

Work during the mornings—and a lot of it—but later in the fine Spring days plenty of free time for the recreation which a foreign station always provides for British soldiers, officers and other ranks alike.

We shall have to try to understand the "atmosphere." Not that it explains the mad killing of Lieut.-Col. Fitzgerald.

BEHIND THE YARDS

As you look at "Gib" from a liner feeling towards her anchorage, you see the streets of the old town clambering from the water edge in regular terrace formation.

To the right, behind the naval dockyard, is the square bulk of the South Barracks; beyond the road leading on to Europa Point, which makes the "paws of the Lion."

On the left the sand peninsula curves towards Spain, joining the great rock fortress and the mainland. Here are the military posts—the North Front—that guard the land entry.

The main body of the 2nd East Surreys lay in the South Barracks, behind the dockyard, but there was a detachment of the battalion stationed at the North Front. Lieut. Austin Christopher Duffield, an Irishman and musketry officer to the battalion, was there.

Col. Fitzgerald was in the orderly room, busy with the everyday affairs of his unit. The adjutant was in an adjoining room; soldier clerks worked in the main office; the guard was within call.

SURPRISE VISIT

To the adjutant's surprise, Lieut. Duffield presented himself and requested that he might have an interview with the C.O. It was unusual, as the adjutant explained later, to see him at the South Barracks.

Still, the adjutant went to his colonel to ask if the interview could be granted.

"Very well. I'll see him now," said the colonel. "Tell him to come in."

Lieut. Duffield marched into the room, saluted. The door was shut. Colonel and subaltern were left together.

A MINUTE LATER—NO MORE—AND THEN EVERYONE IN THE OFFICES HEARD TWO SHOTS. THE REPORTS CAME FROM THE COLONEL'S ROOM.

Then there was silence. With a rush, Lieut. Dowling, the adjutant, got to the closed door and flung it wide. A quartermaster-sergeant and a sergeant-major of the headquarters staff were on his heels. Clerks crowded into the passage.

What had happened behind the closed door?

The colonel was gripping the edge of his desk. There was a stain of blood on his tunic. Lieut. Duffield was standing near the desk.

Raising an arm, Col. Fitzgerald pointed. "Dowling," he gasped. "He has shot me. Place him under arrest."

And those were the colonel's last words.

Duffield, thus accused, made no denial. He began to speak, but nobody heard clearly what he meant to say. He was hustled from the room and put under guard.

Outside he took off his Sam-Browne, showing that he realised his position, for an officer under arrest must never wear a belt.

Fitzgerald died on the floor of his own office. A major of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who arrived within a few minutes, could do nothing. He found the colonel had been shot through the breast below the right collar-bone, and death was due to rapid internal hæmorrhage.

TWO SHOTS

They took the body to the mortuary of the military hospital.

Meanwhile the adjutant and others were examining the colonel's room. They found a Service revolver on the floor in front of his desk, two empty cartridge cases, and a flattened bullet in the back of his chair.

It was that bullet which killed the colonel. There was another embedded in the wall a fraction above where his shoulder must have been as he sat. That bullet, it seemed, was fired first.

Well, those are the facts. Now we are compelled to resort to theory.

What was the maggot in the brain of Lieut. Duffield which made him commit so horrible a crime? It is a psychological puzzle, and the only light came from Duffield himself.

Under arrest, he was at first in charge of two brother officers. He apologised to them for causing this painful extra duty, and added, "But they won't keep me here long ('here' being the officers' quarters in barracks), because it is a civil charge."

Some time after he said: "I am perfectly sane. I know exactly what I have done."

Then he showed his warped nature, making this complaint against the dead colonel:—

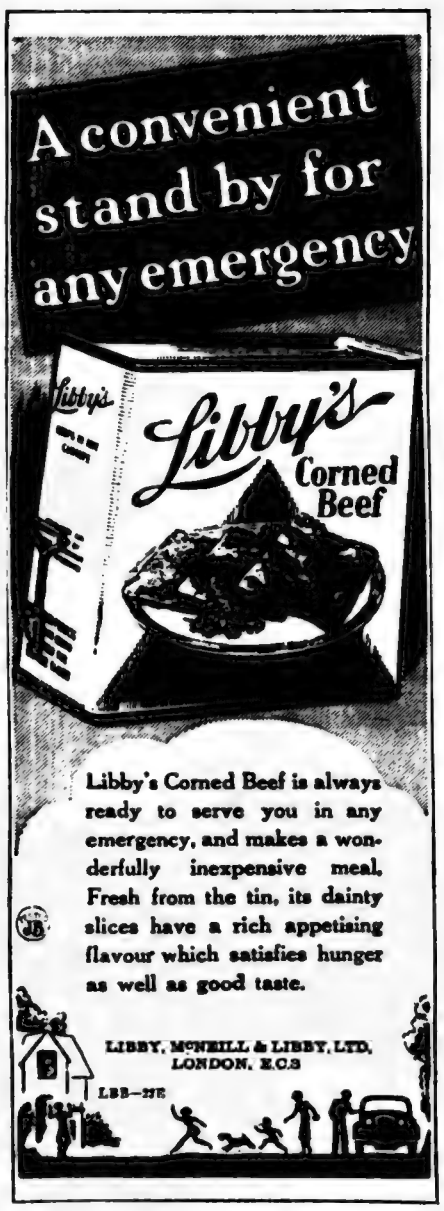
"Since our arrival at Gibraltar the company has given up all idea of soldiering, and it is better that one man should die than that the whole regiment should be ruined.

"I have made a mess of things. I missed with the first shot and I had to use the second, which I meant for myself.

"Ever since the battalion left Jersey, training has gone to hell, and we have been doing nothing but painting and eye-wash—all for that man to get the credit."

That was the killer's reasoning. Because—on his own statement—he

(Continued on page 24)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When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33.

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When you cook vegetables with Stork they retain all their rich, full flavour *and* all their goodness. Instead of pouring away the goodness when you strain off the water, every vestige is saved. Use Stork for your cakes and pastry too, and for your puddings. Miss Lydia Chatterton, the well-known feature writer, recommends Stork; she writes "I never use anything else but Stork in my cakes, puddings, etc." Follow Miss Chatterton's advice and use Stork for *all* your cooking. Everything will taste so much nicer and be so much better for you.

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It's called "Meals that are different," and the vegetable dish illustrated above is one of the 'different' dishes from this amazing book. Amazing because it gives such an infinite variety of ways to cook ordinary everyday things like eggs, cheese and cereals, because it really plans your menus, and because it gives full instructions for the Stork vegetable-cooking method.

Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Company, Dept. B 7, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope.

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

CUT THIS OUT AND POST TO-DAY

Please send me a copy of your Free Book "Meals that are different," which contains REGULO MARKS for all baked dishes.

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STORK MARGARINE

CONTAINS SUNSHINE VITAMINS A & D GIFT COUPON WITH EVERY POUND

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Musical Moments

Sing a song of something,
It doesn't matter what—
The song the old cow died of
Or any other rot!
Sing high, sing low, and let it go,
If you've a voice or not!

Sing a Tuscan love-song
Or shanty of the sea,
And your suppressed emotions
In this way you will free;
But if, when heard, you get the bird,
It's no use blaming me!

THE guy who should be blamed is Dr. Miles Dreskell, of Columbia University, who has been discoursing on the psychological benefits of singing, which, he assures us, is "a great emotional outlet." In fact, he even favours singing in the bath.

But whether we will contrive to feel more kindly toward the bathroom warbler now that we know that he is ridding himself of complexes and enriching his emotional life is doubtful.

After all, nothing can overcome the objection that when he sings thee songs of Araby his horrible noises assail the ears not only of his "thee," but of ye, we, me and any other personal pronouns within shooting distance.

Why bathroom vocalism should be so widely popular is a mystery. Indeed, it has always been a matter for wonder to me that any bloke, unless his sense of humour has been removed by a skilled surgeon, can, even while encased in a boiled shirt, proclaim that he is a gay and gallant bandolero.

But it is yet more remarkable to think that there are bald-headed, flat-footed and practically globular householders who bellow the same unbelievable announcement while plying a loofah.

Not from the B.B.C.

One can only assume that not only their sense of humour, but the bathroom mirror also has been removed.

Dr. Dreskell, however, is convinced that singing makes for domestic felicity. To which I can only say, like G. Robey, "I'm more than surprised, I'm amazed!" It is, of course, notorious that music hath charms for certain animals, such as snakes, but I never imagined that wives were in this category.

Personally, I doubt if it would amount to much as a policy of appeasement for a reveller returning home at 2.20 hic emma to attempt to soothe the savage breast of his spouse with an emotional rendering of "Dear ole pals, sholly ole pals."

However, if you don't mind taking risks, you may feel disposed to test the doctor's dictum that vocalism "leads to increased kindness towards members of the family."

If sweetness and light to the home
you would bring
And make yourself into a perfect
Papa,
Then model yourself on the dicky-
bird; sing
With a fol de lol lay and a tra lal
la la!

Much kinder to wife and to kiddies
you'll be
(With a hey and a ho and a nonny
or two!),
But note that the doctor does not
guarantee
That your singing will render them
kinder to you!

Y. Z.

Thin Gillettes sell at a new low price for Gillette blades—6 for 1/-. Specially designed for tender skins, they will give you greater comfort and smoother, quicker, cleaner shaving than you've ever had from a low-priced blade. Golden in colour, honed to the famous super-sharp Gillette edge, these Thin Gillette blades mean better shaving at less cost! Buy a packet today.

MADE SPECIALLY FOR SENSITIVE SKINS

"I am Baffled by this Crime"

(continued from page 22)

disagreed with the commanding officer he went and shot him.

He shot him to satisfy *his idea* of the honour of the regiment.

It was plain—again from his own words—that Duffield premeditated the shooting, and was not impelled by a sudden, over-mastering crazy impulse.

"I considered it," he said, "for two days, and definitely decided to do it this morning. *It was all written in the book of words.*

"HE WAS TO DIE AND I WAS TO DO IT. I WAS TO COMMIT A MURDER, AS THERE WAS A MARK ON MY HAND."

The mark of Cain!

Duffield was an Irishman, like his colonel. "All written in the book of words"—Irish superstition, and a belief in the predestiny of murder seemed to have driven him on.

Interesting legal questions had to be decided in his prosecution. Military law or civil law, which should operate?

CIVIL TRIAL

Messages flashed from Gibraltar to Whitehall and back, and it was decided that Lieut. Duffield should properly be tried before the civil authorities. The Army would be pleased to be quit of him.

He was moved to the civil prison at the old Moorish Castle, and appeared in ordinary dress before two of the local magistrates. After a number of hearings they committed him for trial.

In the comparatively small community at Gibraltar the trial was of paramount interest. Navy, Army and civil population had only one topic of conversation—the fate of Austin Christopher Duffield.

Most people believed he must have been mad. They could see no other reason why the popular colonel should have been done to death.

The case came before the Chief Justice of the Gibraltar Supreme Court, and the prosecution was led by the Attorney-General.

It was impossible for the defence to contest the main evidence of what had taken place in the orderly room.

The statements made by the prisoner voluntarily to other officers and accepted by the Court put the fact of wilful murder beyond doubt.

The defence's only chance was the plea of insanity which was persistently urged.

Certain admissions by witnesses were skilfully employed by defending counsel. Just before the murder Duffield had been depressed, morose and not by any means his normal self. He had been without leave for a long period.

BURNED PAPERS

Although he was well liked and an efficient officer, he was from time to time peculiar in his manner. He complained of seeing apparitions and being unable to sleep.

Further, there was some trouble over money. A few days before the shooting he should have produced the accounts of the battalion sports and rifle club. This, apparently, he had failed to do.

Cheque-books and pass-books and many burned papers were found in his quarters, also a revolver cartridge of an obsolete type, but similar to those used in the shooting.

One thing was clearly proved. The murdered colonel had never shown any hostility towards Lieut. Duffield. Indeed, the reverse; the colonel had commended him for the way in which he was carrying out his military duties.

So the issue of the trial balanced on the prisoner's mental state. Was his mind so deranged on the morning of the murder that he was incapable of differentiating right from wrong?

Madness was established by the very act itself — "this incomprehensible crime"—as defending counsel called it.

But the Court, faced with the strength of the uncontested evidence, could not do other than find Austin Christopher Duffield guilty and sentenced him to death.

It was a right decision as the law defines insanity to-day.

Still the people of Gibraltar could not bring themselves to believe that Duffield *was sane* when he chose that strange background to murder.

As so frequently happens, sentiment centring on the condemned man overlooked the victim and the heartbreak of his death.

More than 12,000 people in Gibraltar signed a petition for Duffield's reprieve. Crowds outside the prison shouted for his release.

The date of execution was fixed. And once more cablegrams sped between Gibraltar and Whitehall. The result was that a week later the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

Duffield was sent home to England in a returning battleship. To prevent any popular demonstration he was taken secretly from the prison under police escort through the dockyard to the quay.

First part of his sentence he served in Parkhurst Prison, Isle of Wight. Later he was moved to Maidstone.

He has been throughout a model prisoner, showing keen interest in every task allotted him. He has been printer, librarian, chaplain's secretary, and finally mason in a building party. By now he is quite a craftsman.

Not long ago it was stated that the Home Secretary was considering his release.

A "life sentence" is normally ended after fifteen years, and this strangest of murders was committed twelve years ago.

Why allow yourself to become "absolutely dizzy with catarrh"—you have then reached the danger-point. Many a dangerous illness has resulted from a neglected "simple cold."

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End this continuous Catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, trams, buses or where infection is present).

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BETWEEN A NEW SWEATER AND A PERSIL-WASHED SWEATER

Persil is best for all fine fabrics. Your silks, woollies, and coloured things—everything that's really precious—will come out of the Persil wash soft and perfect and quite like new! For the oxygen in Persil is mixed with the soap in a special way that gives Persil a wonderfully *gentle* action. But goodness—how thorough it is! The instant you dip the clothes in the water the dirt comes rolling out till there isn't a speck left. Persil cleans so quickly that the clothes need never be long in the water; and as Persil cleans just as well in cool or even cold water there's little chance of colours running. So you see, dainty clothes *really are* safe with Persil!

PERSIL IS BEST FOR ALL SILKS AND WOOLLENS

Persil

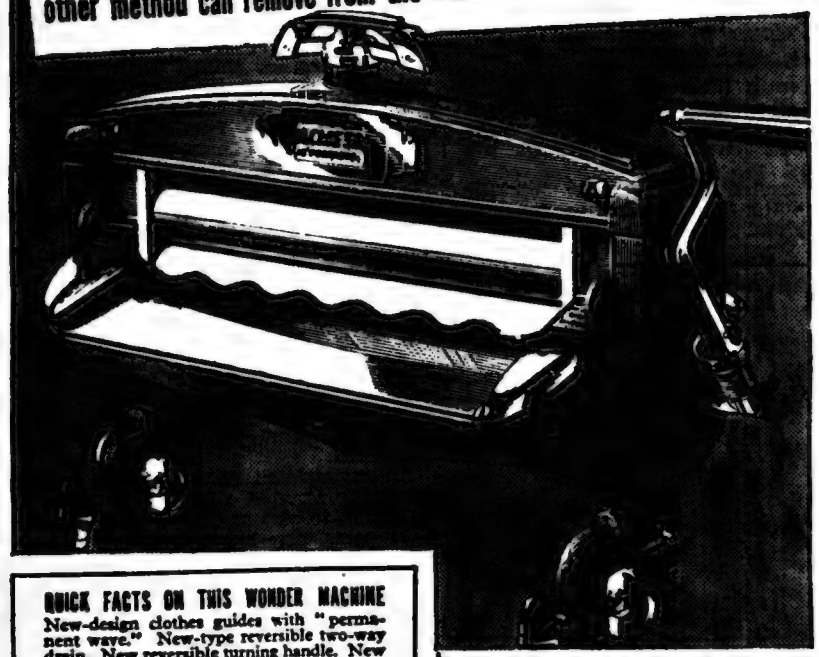
PER 695C-71-6S

Wringing tires you out?

* It's not an extra pair of hands you need—it's

ACME 55 CLEANSE-WRINGING

Heres the newest, easiest, quickest way! You just turn the handle—the wonderful new Acme 55 does the work. As well as wringing, it forces out soap-scum and embedded dirt—which no other method can remove from the clothes.



QUICK FACTS ON THIS WONDER MACHINE
New-design clothes guides with "permanent wave." New-type reversible two-way drain. New reversible turning handle. New "telephone" grip for lifting the machine and for adjusting pressure on rubber rollers. New beauty of finish—in gleaming chromium and lustrous blue enamel.

Be fair to yourself! There's no reason why you should strain your wrists over hand wringing. No need for you to struggle with a cumbersome old-fashioned wringer. This sensational new Acme will lighten the whole job. What's more, you'll get a sweeter, whiter wash than you ever imagined possible. As soon as you try the new Acme 55 you'll notice how smoothly and easily it works. But why does it make the clothes so miraculously clean? The secret is — controlled pressure. Pressure applied evenly over the whole length of the rubber rollers. So that all the particles of soap-scum and embedded dirt are forced out of the clothes — along with the rinsing water.

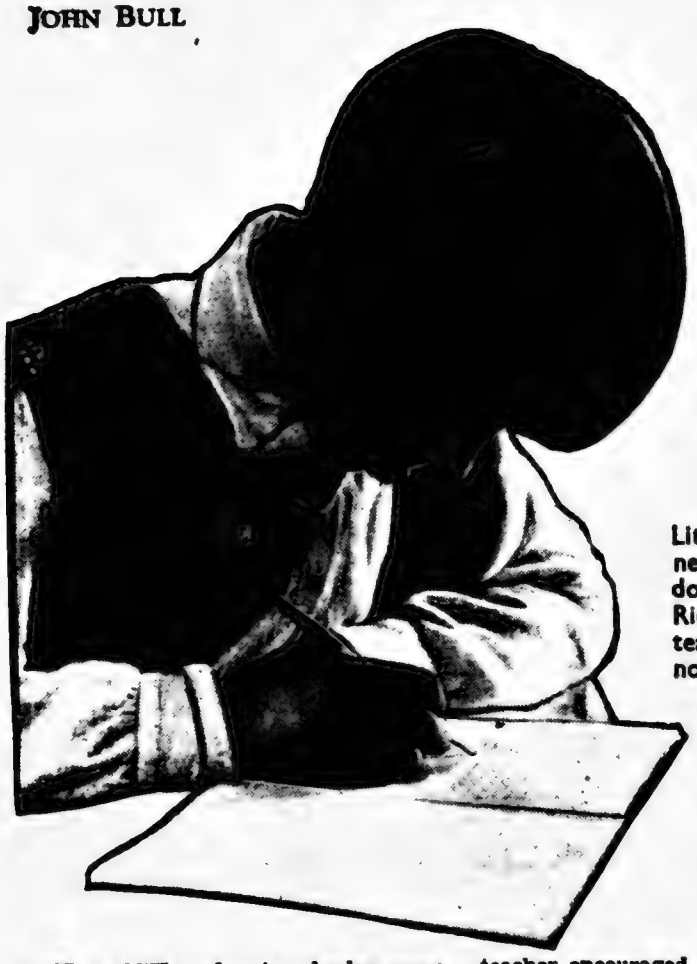
That's cleanse-wringing for you! Only the new Acme 55 will do it. Call in at your Hardware Dealer's to-day — this morning — and ask to see the brilliant new Acme Cleanser-Wringer.

THE NEW ACME 55 WRINGER—MANGLE—CLEANSER—all in one!

Have you a washing Machine? However good a washing machine may be, it is the work of the wringer afterwards that removes that last stage dirt and loose soapy scum. That is why it is so important to see that your washing machine is fitted with an Acme—the finest wringer ever made.

The PORTABLE Acme 55 illustrated above costs 49/6 for the 16 in. size; 47/6 for the 14 in. size. If you have more room choose either the Acme FOLDING-STAND model (39/-) or the Acme CABINET model (77/6). All three models are fully described in booklet WK5, obtainable from your Hardware Dealer or post free from ACME WRINGERS, LTD., David Street, GLASGOW.

Humanist takes Parents back to School



Little children nearly always do their best. Ridicule by the teacher will not help.

"I CAN'T understand why some teachers are so horrid to some of their children," writes a young mother.

"I have a little girl in the infant school, and the other day she had great difficulty with a sum. She got a wrong answer nine times before she found the right one.

"The teacher then took her into the middle of the floor, sneered at her, and said: 'Wonderful! Wonderful!' She told the other children to look at all the wrong answers.

"They stood up in their seats and shouted 'Oo-oo-oo!' and laughed. The teacher encouraged them to do it.

"How must a child feel when she has tried her hardest and she gets such treatment? You will not be surprised to hear that my child did not want to go to school at all after that."

I am glad my correspondent said "some teachers." There are not many left like that, and the sooner the species is extinct the better for everybody.

If a child gets the sums wrong it may be due to wrong methods of teaching (and here the discredit falls on the teacher herself); backwardness due to ill-health or absence; lack of a particular form of intelligence.

In every case, ridicule of the child is unjust and cruel.

Teachers to-day are making a special study of backward children, and are doing their best to help them. No teacher who is worth his or her salt would behave like the one just described.

In my opinion, infants ought not to be doing sums at all. They can learn to count, to play at keeping shop, recognise coins, give simple change, and so on; but the old-fashioned sums based on abstract figures. . . . NO!

ANOTHER mother writes about teachers this week and her letter has an undercurrent of indignation:—

"Has the headmaster of an elementary school the right to use the cane to punish children for failing to learn? Has he the right to give a boy six strokes on the hand for one offence?

"Is it right that children in the infant school should be smacked unmercifully for failing to get their sums right?

"When they get dental treatment in school, is it right for the dentist to pull bad teeth out without any injection or gas? Because that is what is happening here. The result is that the children have a horror of dentists and are afraid of going."

The headmaster has a right to use the cane in case of necessity, just as parents have. That is the legal ruling.

But every local education authority makes its own regulations about corporal punishment. If parents are dissatisfied they should protest to the education officer for their district. This is the sort of subject which should be discussed in a Parents' Association.

As a rule, caning is allowed for "moral offences" alone—insubordination, bad language, stealing and indecent conduct—but not for being backward in work.

A child is born with a certain amount of intelligence, and it is wrong to penalise him for not possessing more. One might just as well punish his parents and grandparents who made him what he is.

I am sorry to hear such an accusation against the school dentist. I have met a good many of them in my time, and I have found them extraordinarily kind. The children go to them quite cheerfully. One rarely meets young people who have a horror so common years ago.

I did hear of one case of a dentist who used no injection or gas before extracting a tooth, but it was a first tooth and so loose that it came out with a touch.

But a dentist who is brutal with children should be made the subject of a united protest by parents to the education officer. He would not remain long if the case was proved against him.

Another letter comes from a mother who is worried because her boy is backward in school. He generally manages to be bottom of the class. Yet the teacher proposes to transfer him to a higher class.

"I have one little boy of nine. He can draw anything, but he will not try to read or write. We have bought him beautiful books from JOHN BULL. I have tried coaxing and I have tried being cross, but it is of no avail.

"He tells me not to worry. One of these days he is going to surprise me and win a scholarship! We might as well ask for the moon as hope for that.

"He asks and answers the most intelligent questions. But all he seems to want to do is to draw and play soldiers. . . .

"Do you think he should be put up in another class when he can't do the work of the last? I would much rather he stayed down and learned the work properly. I feel ever so worried about him. He makes no sort of improvement.

"I enclose a photograph of him and also his last school report so that you can judge for yourself."

The photograph leaves no doubt in my mind about the boy's intelligence. He is "all there." He looks definitely bright and full of vitality.

The report does not seem to belong to the same boy. It suggests a hopeless dunce.

But there are two things I ought to tell his mother and I mention them here because they may help other mothers with difficult sons.

The first is that if the teacher decides to promote the boy to a higher class, the mother should not interfere. The boy may not have mastered his work in his present class, but to put him in a class with younger lads will have a bad effect.

He will either use his position to "show off" or he will develop a sense of being a failure, and that will undermine his self-confidence.

THE second thing I have to say is that *the mother should stop worrying over the boy.* At least, if she must worry about him, she should not let the boy perceive it. The fact that he can make her happy or miserable gives him a weapon to use against her. It gives him a feeling of power.

And there are boys who remind one of a race-horse of a few years ago which either came in first or last. In either case it attracted attention. It would never be just one of the ruck.

This boy says he will give his mother a surprise yet. He would not surprise me if he did.

The last letter this week comes from a boy who is still at school:—

"I am almost sixteen, and am one of the first four in my form. My father and mother both went to work young and my father does not earn much.

"I could leave school now and take a very ordinary job or stay at school two more years to take my Higher School Certificate, and then try for a more responsible position.

"But during these two years my parents would have to keep me for nothing. If I get a job now I should at least bring in something, whereas in two years I may fail the examination, and I should feel that the money spent on my education had been wasted.

"Will you please tell me what I ought to do?"

IT is always cheering to hear from a young man who thinks of his parents and wants to do the right thing for them as well as for himself.

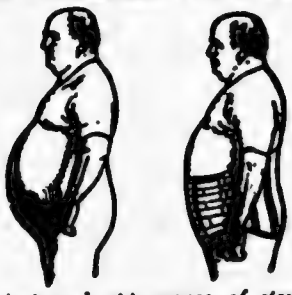
I advise the boy to have a man-to-man talk with his father. Can the father stand the strain of two more years of scraping?

If the answer is "yes" (and I believe it will be) the son can go ahead and justify his parents' belief in him. Money spent on education is not wasted, but the harvest is sometimes late.

The boy who leaves school at 15 and works to 65 will do well if his total earnings (averaging £4 a week) amount to £10,000. But with two extra years at school he ought to clear a good £20,000 before he retires.

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxfordshire, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

"We create a design especially for you."

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 33, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel. Regent 3725
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LIVERPOOL: 79, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
EDINBURGH: 30a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 25693
BRISTOL: 44a Queen's Rd., Clifton, 8. Bristol 24801
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—since Corns went ROOTS AND ALL!

Now you can remove ugly, painful corns without the danger of cutting — without risking unknown methods. New, better, double-action Blue-Jay ends pain instantly by removing pressure; then in three short days the corn lifts out root and all. Don't risk infection through cutting, or let corns come back. Remove them root and all, the quick, safe, scientific Blue-Jay way. 1/3d. per box of Plasters, or in liquid form.

Obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites and all good chemists.

If any difficulty, write to address below enclosing P.O. or Stamps for 1/3d. Give name of Chemist.

BLUE-JAY (Brand) CORN PLASTERS or LIQUID

YOU needn't be grey—

Don't let greyness make you look old. A single application of Hindes Hair Tint will banish grey or faded hair, restore its original colour and youthful gloss. Harmless, non-greasy and undetectable. Available in Brown, Dark Brown, Light Brown or Black.

FREE SAMPLE

Send 2d. for postage and state shade required to Hindes Ltd., 3, Great Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

HINDES Hair Tint

Price 2/6 per bottle from Hairdressers, Chemists & Stores.

It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'

"YES—yes—oh definitely—really?" There's nothing much you can do but sit still when the fellow on the other end of the line is doing all the talking! Though so still, yet you perspire. We all do. Not just sometimes, but all day and every day. Medical authorities tell us it's as much as 1½ pints daily. Body-Odour is caused by perspiration neglect. When we perspire the waste matter expelled from the body lingers in the skin pores. Unless properly removed it soon becomes stale, causing 'B.O.'

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap prevents 'B.O.' There's a special health element in its full rich lather. This lather really penetrates. It goes deep into the pores, washing away all stale deposits and leaving behind a glorious feeling of freshness and invigoration. Make a habit of using Lifebuoy Toilet Soap regularly—it safeguards Personal Freshness.

About 1½ pints of perspiration
are expelled from the system of the average person daily. Some of this perspiration is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour in 24 hours. Yet 'B.O.' is easy to prevent if you bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap every day.
LIFEBUOY

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP prevents "B.O." (body-odour)

A LEVER PRODUCT

LBT 422-302-68

HOW TO SNAP A PRETTY GIRL AND HER DOG

RAY WELLSTEAD, *the famous advertising photographer, relied on Ilford materials for this photograph. Below she gives you some hints.*

1 NOT like this!

This is a bad composition. Girl is too posed, dog too rigid and looking out of picture. The heads are too far apart and looking different ways—result a dull, lifeless picture.

2 THIS way!

Aim view-finder like this, close as you can get (portrait attachment necessary for box cameras). Both heads close together, looking same way.

3 Use SELO films

SELO-ORTHO — for all-round snapshotting.
SELOCHROME — extra fast for high speed work.
SELO FINE GRAIN Panchromatic, colour sensitive.
SELO N.P.S.—for all roll films and miniature cameras using 35 mm. films — great speed, extra sensitivity and fine grain.

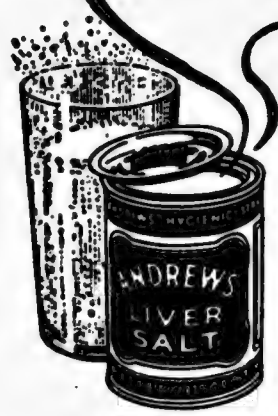
SELO

for snaps' sake

MADE FOR EVERY MAKE AND SIZE OF CAMERA BY ILFORD LIMITED LONDON

Six sound reasons for taking ANDREWS NOW!

Excuse me— Inner Cleanliness comes first!



1 Yes! Andrews power to give you deepdown Inner Cleanliness should be your first reason for taking this famous tonic laxative.

2 Andrews is a gentle, natural corrective—not a purge—and the same dose is always effective.

3 Everyone benefits from taking Andrews—children as well as adults.

4 Andrews settles the stomach, relieves acidity.

5 Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

6 Effervescing, pleasant tasting, invigorating.

The entire mission of Andrews is to keep you right *inside*. And how thoroughly it does this! Andrews cleans the tongue, settles the stomach, neutralizes acidity. Andrews tones up the liver and corrects biliousness. Finally, Andrews completes your Inner Cleanliness by gently clearing the bowels. Thus, by sweeping away the impurities caused by a constipated system, Andrews keeps you fit and bright. 4 ozs. 9d., 8 ozs. 1/4.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

Your Washing Day Made Easier!

THINK what modern labour-saving devices can do to lighten your washing day. EVERY home should have an Acme Cleanser-Wringer like the one illustrated on page 25. Write, mentioning JOHN BULL, for free illustrated booklet, W.K.5, describing all models (portable as well), sizes, prices, etc., to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

CAMERAS

All makes—on easiest of monthly payments or cash. Most generous exchange allowances. The finest book on photography ever published, "Photography and Cinetography," 1/- post free. Illustrated catalogue post free. Write Dept. "D."

CITY SALE 90/94 [illegible] ST E.C.4

Man of the Mountain

The mud was right up to his armpits

Reader's Story
by
P. IRWIN,
3, Dollis Road, London, N.3

Five Guineas is offered for your real life adventure story, if accepted, length not exceeding 1,200 words. A stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable should be enclosed.

OUR camp fire was sinking. It was time to turn in. But that last drowsy hour after a day's tramp was too pleasant to end abruptly.

John knocked out his pipe and stretched on the lovely green turf. Then Tom crept into the tent. The three of us were hiking among the Connemara Mountains and we'd planned another long trip for the next day.

We'd pitched camp in a pretty dell buried away in the rugged hills. It was so quiet that night we might have been thousands of miles from civilisation.

Tom and I had put our camp-beds at the back of the tent. John was near the door-flap because he liked the fresh air.

Perhaps I was overtired or perhaps the silence was too intense for a townsman. At any rate I found sleep did not come easily. But my friends dropped off in a few minutes.

At last I dozed, then—it seemed a second or two later—awoke with a start. What was that? Only an owl hooting. I turned over and immediately sat up.

John had gone.

I looked outside the tent and called out softly, but there was no answer. I shook Tom and told him.

"Silly ass!" he muttered. "But he can't be far."

He closed his eyes again, but I pulled on my clothes. My watch showed it was about 4 a.m. My scrambling aroused Tom properly, and rather resentfully he got dressed.

Dawn was just breaking, grey and fresh, as we crawled from the tent. There was a slight mist and no trace of John.

"Must be somewhere about," I said. "He hasn't dressed."

"Funny!" Tom answered. We hunted around and then he shouted, "Look, Pat! He must have gone this way—the grass has been trampled down!"

SURE enough. But what did it mean? What could have induced him to go walking about in pyjamas in this unknown place at such an hour?

We both followed the trail, running as fast as possible for over half a mile before I spotted him in the distance. He had his back to us and was waving his arms. I caught the word "Help!"

"Coming, coming!" I shouted. "He's stopped, Tom. What is he up to?"

"Up to! He's got himself bogged. It's his blessed sleep-walking trick."

As we ran on the ground under our feet became soggy, and in the strengthening daylight we saw the telltale bright green grass which points the way to bogland.

I'd heard of the deep treacherous bogs in these parts, and I could see John was in the thick of it. His footsteps betrayed the danger spot. We could go no farther, for he was beginning to flounder in the thick, black mud.

Plainly enough we could not plunge in to the rescue. Never had the mountain slopes seemed so desolate and cruel as at that moment. There was no timber, not so much as the branch of a tree we could throw to him.

John let out a loud cry. Later we found that was the moment he first awakened. Too late, it seemed, he had realised his dreadful danger.

He struggled to turn round and sank deeper. His legs had disappeared and the mud was creeping up to his waist. Then he saw us.

"Pat—Tom!" he cried, "I'm going down. It's sucking me. For God's sake help me out!"

"Don't struggle!" I yelled back. "We'll get help."

But that was a vain promise. Where could there be help in this desolate spot? John struggled fiercely, fell on his face, and only by a desperate effort dragged himself upright.

HE was up to his chest.

Tom was white with terror. We said nothing as we saw terrible death coming nearer.

Then I felt a strong hand on my shoulder.

We both turned round. Standing before us was a tall, splendid-looking man in the prime of life. His clothes were ragged, his appearance unkempt, but his voice was soft.

"Sure, and I am come to be after helping you," he smiled.

"What can we do? Have you got a rope?"

He shook his head: "I have no rope but I know this bog well. There is a path across it. Follow me and put your feet exactly where I put mine and I will lead you to your friend."

Without another word he started to walk fearlessly across the bog, and, after a moment's hesitation, Tom and I followed.

It was only a few minutes, but it was like an age, before we reached John. The mud was up to his armpits.

BUT luckily he was not more than a yard from the narrow path.

The Irishman got a firm foothold and then bent down to grasp one of John's hands, telling me to do the same. Together we pulled, pulled his arms almost out of their sockets. It was no good. The bog would not give up its terrible grip.

Tom took my place. He is short and sturdy and came to it fresh. There was a quick sucking sound and the two raised John an inch or two. I rushed in again to help. The stranger was tugging as strongly as when he began.

All at once the end came. With a noise like a cork drawn from an enormous bottle, John was jerked out. We three were nearly thrown into the bog on the other side.

He was scarcely conscious by this time, so I took his legs and the Irishman his shoulders. Carrying him like this we reached dry ground and dropped down exhausted.

Our Irish friend stood silently aloof. When he saw John was beginning to recover he said quietly that he would be going.

"Going where?" I asked. "You can't leave us yet, man! We owe our friend's life to you. We must thank you."

"Sure, it was nothing," the stranger answered, "And me knowing the bog so well."

"But where did you come from?" I asked him. "How did you happen to spot us at this time in the morning?"

"I am a man of Connemara," he said simply, "I was born in these mountains and I live and shall die among them."

And so he turned on his heel and walked rapidly away. In a minute he had disappeared over the hill.

Who was he? Where did he live? We never knew. Perhaps the Galway innkeeper knew when he told us:—

"Most like he is an outlaw, and, sure, he was ashamed to help the Sassenachs at all at all!"

NO MORE NEURITIS

—NO MORE RESTLESS NIGHTS —PAIN-FILLED DAYS

IF YOU Always Remember Phensic

You should not suffer the agony of nerve, muscular or periodic pain. Take two tablets of Phensic and feel heart-breaking weariness melt away. Feel the pain lift from your limbs. Every day it is proved that there's nothing to equal Phensic both in its pain-killing power and its wonderful tonic effect on the nerves. Phensic is absolutely safe, even for weak heart patients. Get some now — 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/-, & 5/-.

Quickest and Safest for
HEADACHES
NERVE PAINS
RHEUMATISM
COLDS & 'FLU

Phensic
Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' *Brand*
THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

Thought it was a DUODENAL ULCER

Near the base of the stomach, where it takes a curious loop or curve, is the part which doctors call the duodenum. It is the seat of the duodenal ulcer which every stomach sufferer naturally dreads because it so often means a serious and painful operation. In the march of medical progress it has been discovered that this painful operation can be avoided by timely treatment in which diet and Maclean Brand Stomach Powder play the central part.

Many people who get pain in the pit of the stomach have feared they were in for a duodenal ulcer only to find, after taking a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at home, that their fears were completely unfounded and that this wonderful powder had effected a cure. It is a truly joyful experience.

If you are suffering from stomach pain try a course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. You will be surprised at the relief that will come to you, perhaps after only a few doses.

Be sure to ask for MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder which is only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle and carton. Sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets. New slide-top pocket tins (50 tablets), 1/3; also 6d. tin (15 tablets).

A GOOD CHANGE FOR YOUR LIVER

Spring is the great time of change and your liver will be all the better for a change, too. So it is timely that Macleans' remarkable new boon to mankind is a Liver Salt called Livaclean.

Already thousands have found the change to Livaclean a change for the better. And no wonder, for this new effervescent saline combines natural salts that wake up the liver and keep it awake. A healthy, active liver makes your head clear, your eyes bright, your step light and jaunty. Livaclean ensures that the liver maintains a copious regular flow of health-producing bile, the secret of brightness, happiness, well-being. The salts in Livaclean are just what your liver needs to keep it on its job, full tilt, day in, day out. Think what it would mean to you to get up every morning not merely alive but ALERT, to go through the day not merely jogging, but JOLLY. You soon will when you have activated your liver with Livaclean. Get your liver out of its rut, out of its habit of heaviness. Give it a change—a thorough spring-clean with this new saline, Livaclean. From chemists and stores. 9d. per tin, double size, 1/4. Made by Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

LOOK—
CARAMELLO*

*it's one of
Cadbury's
"LUCKY 13"

IF you are a sweet-tooth, 13 is your lucky number! In any confectioner's shop you'll find thirteen different Filled Blocks made by Cadburys. Each block gives you eight whole bites right into your *favourite* centre—all for 2d. When you buy a Cadbury Filled Block you get all your favourite centre *and nothing else.*
Cadburys Filled Blocks are the biggest and best buy ever for sweet-tooths! See the centres in the panel below. Make your choice—then make straight for the nearest sweetshop.
Remember—you get *eight* gorgeous bites for your 2d.

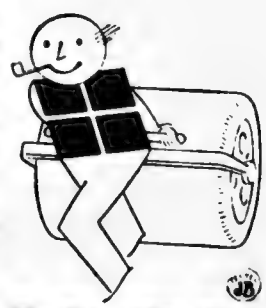
YOU GET *MORE* BITES—*EVERY* ONE YOUR FAVOURITE CENTRE

CARAMELLO . COFFEE CREME
COFFEE TRUFFLE . GINGER DELIGHT
LEMON DELIGHT . MARZIPAN
MILK TRUFFLE . ORANGE CREME
PEPPERMINT CREME . TURKISH DELIGHT
TOFFEE . TRUFFLE . VANILLA CREME

MORE BITES FOR 2d AND 4d

Four Square
is the sun in *my* heaven!

"Fate," said the Unwilling Gardener, glancing at the drawing room window, "has ordained that I shall roll the lawn. The edges must be cut, the borders weeded, and a whole army of Aphis fall before the sacrificial spray. It is one of those precious moments when a pipe of Four Square becomes the very height of enjoyment." He halted the roller behind a bush which screened him from the house, settled into a chair, and thoughtfully lit his pipe. The fragrant smoke curled upwards in the sun. "Eheu! If only gardens were as free from weeds and work as Four Square is from artificial flavouring! And there, if I am not mistaken, is the call to duty. But let it wait. For why should I go on gardening when there's Four Square to be enjoyed!"



FOUR SQUARE

EIGHT TOBACCOS FROM 1/-

FOR 'MIXTURE' SMOKERS
Mixture (Green Squares)...1/- oz.
Curlies (Purple Squares)...1/- oz.
Mixture Original (Blue Squares).....1,4d. oz.
Mixture Medium-Light (Blue Squares).....1,4d. oz.

FOR 'VIRGINIA' SMOKERS
Cut Cake (Yellow Squares) 1,0½d. oz.
Ripe Brown (Brown Squares) 1,0½d. oz.
Matured Virginia Original (Red Squares).....1,4½d. oz.
Matured Virginia Ready Rubbed (Red Squares) 1/4½d. oz.

All blends are medium strength and are sold in tins only.

VACUUM PACKED—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING

George Dobie & Son, Ltd. (Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1809), Paisley, Scotland

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

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THE FINAL FLUTTER

ANOTHER MRS. FLUKE STORY
— By B. L. JACOT —

MRS. FLUKE was turning over the bagwash in her kitchen when Annie burst in on her, unclenching her hand to show a pound note.

"Bless me!" the landlady puffed. "Well, I mussay these racing gempmen are free with the doin's. You put that in the Savin's Bank, now!

"'Avin' that Mr. Jenkins upstairs reminds me. Did I ever tell 'ow 'orseracin' nearly killed me once?"

"No'm," Annie told her.

Mrs. Fluke sighed deeply. Dror up your chair to the table for your tea (she began), and don't you never talk to me about 'orseracin'! You might say as it started with that Sam Withers from Flaxman Grove 'ere winnin' one of them fubball pools. An' if ever there was a wrong-'eaded cuss it was that Sam! 'Is wife was expectin' at the time, too.

I've known Sam ever since 'e was so small 'e 'ad to stand one foot on the scraper to ring my front-door bell—which 'e done reglar every time 'e was passin'.

That lad grew up just like 'is dad. Bet on anythink. Nothink wouldn't interest 'im unless 'e had money on it. Sam—the father—was a great friend o' my Late Lamented, and the business—it's that tobacconist's and newsagent's just round the corner—made a nice livin' for all 'is bookmakin' friends.

That Sam! There 'e'd be, standin' in front of 'is shop giving *me* 'is tips when I'd pass. "You'll come to a bad end," I'd tell 'im, never thinkin' that one day I'd find myself right—or pretty near it. I useter be sharp with 'im until I saw it was no use.

'E was a good-lookin' feller, always grinnin' and cheeky-like, and there wasn't no vice in 'im.

'E didn't drink, 'e was open-handed, an' never a 'ard word against anyone. 'Is father died—seven an' narf pints o' fluid drorn orf 'im, dear!—an' left 'im the business, an' fust thing 'e thinks of marryin'.

Track racin', dog racin', fruit machines, there wasn't nothin' that lad wouldn't lose 'is money at, but the girl was a sensible creetur. She was fond of that Sam—'ad been for years, an' there was few as wasn't fond of Sam with 'is easy-going, 'appy ways.

But she wouldn't marry 'im unless 'e gave up losing 'is money the way 'e did. 'E took it bad. "But I don't always lose," 'e told 'er. "Larst week——"

"You lose in the long run," she said. "Steady. If you marry you've got responsibilities. I won't marry you until you give up betting."

'E went orf an' 'e mussuv tried, but per'aps the excitement's in the blood. 'E found 'e couldn't give it up—an' it almost broke Janie Martin's 'eart. But she was a right-'eaded young gal.

She wouldn't even see 'im, an' that was such a misery to 'im that 'e decided 'e *could* get along without bettin'.

SHE made 'im prove it for a month. Then they got married, and a lovely weddin' it was with a do at the Rose and Crown arterwards an' all the neighbourhood drinkin' their 'ealth in port wine! I cried myself silly: it was lovely!

Well, those two was as 'appy as lovebirds an' an example to one an' all. I'll say this for that Sam. 'E worshipped the ground she walked on. There wasn't nothin' too good for 'er.

But, it turned out after nearly ten months, there was one thing 'e couldn't do for 'er. 'E claimed 'e just couldn't 'elp 'isself. It started with the crossword puzzles, and 'e was honest and told 'er, and after they'd 'ad it out, she come round to me in 'er trouble.

I says to 'er, I says: "Let me see Sam first," an' I went round to the shop.

"You gave it up once," I said.

"It was the shock, Auntie," 'e says. That's wot 'e uster call me, an' many a time I've thrown a broom at 'im when 'e got me up from the basement ringin' my bell. "I thought I'd lorst 'er, an' there wasn't nothing in the world seemed worth while then. . . ."

Well, Janie 'ad 'er housekeepin' money, an' rent, an' everything necessary—'e wouldn't never 'a touched that. But with arf-a-crown in 'is pocket—seemed 'e just 'ad to find something to back.

An' you could easy see as there wasn't another man in the world for 'er. So I told 'er as there was worse things than backin' 'orses. Drink, for a start. But she burst out crying.

"'Ow can we 'ave a baby?" she moans. "I'd never know when 'e was going to put my baby's pramblater on the 3.15 at Alexandra Park, and lose it like 'e always does with everything else!"

I never knew she was set on a baby. An' wot could I say? She took my advice and it wasn't long before that Sam was back at it, lookin' for eleven o'clock and the racin' editions of the papers, and spendin' the day workin' out form and suchlike.

Mussay they was 'appy enough, too, though Sam knew better than to mention a word about backin' to 'er, knowin' 'ow she hated the very sight and sound of it.

WELL, one day I met 'er in the King's Road, and I could see from the bright look in 'er eyes something 'ad 'appened to 'er that meant a lot. "I just been to see the doctor," she says, "an' — Auntie Emmie!" she says, "I'm going to 'ave a baby!"

That Sam was as proud as you'd scarcely believe it. And first thing you know, 'e gave up backin', and all 'e could think about was the fine schools they was goin' to send young Sam to, and make 'im a Prime Minister, or a doctor, or Captain o' the *Queen Mary*. I've never seen a pair so full o' theirselves!

It larsted two months, then 'e began to give up studyin' the pramblater catalogues and starts, longing-like, to turn to the crosswords and such.

"Sam can't 'elp it," Janie says to me. "It's in the blood. I reckon we'll manage. I *do* know 'e'd never risk money as was wanted for the boy. 'E's a good 'usband," she says—as if I didn't know it!

But I know a baby costs a lot, and it worried me. I mussay, until one day with Janey nearin' 'er time, Sam 'isself come runnin' round from the shop with a wire in 'is 'and.

That Sam 'ad won one of the prizes in these football pools. After all these years 'e 'ad won something at last, something to set them up nicely.

'IS wife 'ad the same idea as me when the cheque came. She 'ad 'er 'ead screwed on the right way. "I made 'im swear, cut-'is-throat and 'and-on-'is-'eart, 'e wouldn't touch the money," she says. "But—well, it's money to spare, Auntie.

"'E means well, but . . . you know, so I sent the most of it out to my sister in British Columby, leaving a hundred pounds to get out there when we've got young Sam. They've been wantin' us out there for years. There isn't a racecourse for 900 miles. Nor no dogs. An' the money's got us a share in their grocery business."

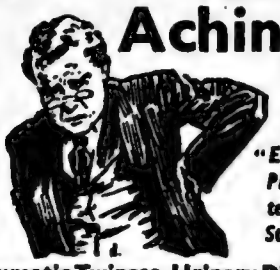
But those two didn't know wot was comin' to them! Inside of a week you couldn't get into the shop for the crowds trying to sell Sam motor cars and houses and shares in businesses that would make 'im rich inside a year.

There wasn't scarcely anything someone wasn't trying to sell Sam, and the man from the insurance wasn't the quietest about it, by no means.

They were sellin' the business anyway, so Janie decided to clear out there and

(*continued on page 32*)

Is *your* Back Aching?



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MOTHER MAKES AMENDS
MARY . . . was irritable
TOM . . . played peacemaker
1
STOP THAT NOISE AT ONCE, CHILDREN! MY HEAD'S SPLITTING. AND, BABS, IF YOU DIRTY ANOTHER FROCK, I'LL SMACK YOU!
NEVER MIND — MUMMY DOESN'T MEAN TO BE. SHE'S TIRED.
THINKS: I MUST TALK TO MARY.
NAUGHTY MUMMY!
MUMMY'S SO CROSS, DADDY.
2 LATER
I DON'T MEAN TO BE HARD ON THEM, TOM. BUT I'M SO WORN OUT, WHAT WITH ALL THE WASHING THEY MAKE. SCRUBBING MONDAY'S WASH LEAVES ME DEAD-BEAT ALL THE WEEK.
LOOK, THERE'S A A NEW WAY OF WASHING DESCRIBED IN THE PAPER. IT SAYS 'NO HARD RUBBING'S NEEDED.' WHY NOT TRY IT ON MONDAY? IT SEEMS WONDERFULLY EASY!
3 THE NEXT MONDAY
DON'T FORGET THE RINSO, DEAR!
NO — BUT TOM, I'M SURE THESE NEW-FANGLED METHODS AREN'T THOROUGH. 2 MINUTES' BOILING FOR WHITES, 12 MINUTES' SOAKING FOR COLOUREDS — WHY, IT'S ABSURD.
4 LUNCH TIME
WASHING ALL DONE?
RATHER! AND TOM, I APOLOGISE — YOU WERE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! RINSO MADE THE CLOTHES SIMPLY BRILLIANT! THE WASH TOOK ONLY HALF THE USUAL TIME, AND I SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL ON EACH COPPERLOAD. I'LL USE RINSO FROM NOW ON!
5 A FEW WEEKS LATER
LOOK, DADDY, THIS IS HOW WE RODE ON THE ELEPHANTS AT THE ZOO!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT, MARY. YOU'RE TIRELESS, THESE DAYS!
G-R-R! I'M A BEAR!
I FEEL AS YOUNG AS THE DAY WE WERE MARRIED.
THINKS: THANKS TO RINSO!

BRIGHTEST WASH TAKES LEAST TIME AND WORK

No long soaking or boiling, no hard rubbing needed

THERE was a time when women couldn't help spending hours rubbing the weekly wash clean.

But that was before the scientific Rinso methods were introduced!

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You simply give whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. First damp any extra-dirty places and smooth in a little dry Rinso. Then put the clothes into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds and bring them to the boil, as usual. But then, boil them for only 2 minutes. They'll be *snowy* — and you'll save at least 30 minutes' fuel on every copperload!

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Wash woollens and fine things through cool Rinso suds, and they'll be spotless!

Rinso costs only 3½d., 6d. and 1/- a packet.

RINSO

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CROSSWORD No. 156.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 26 is presented the 156th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly instituted when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, June 22, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly new BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 26. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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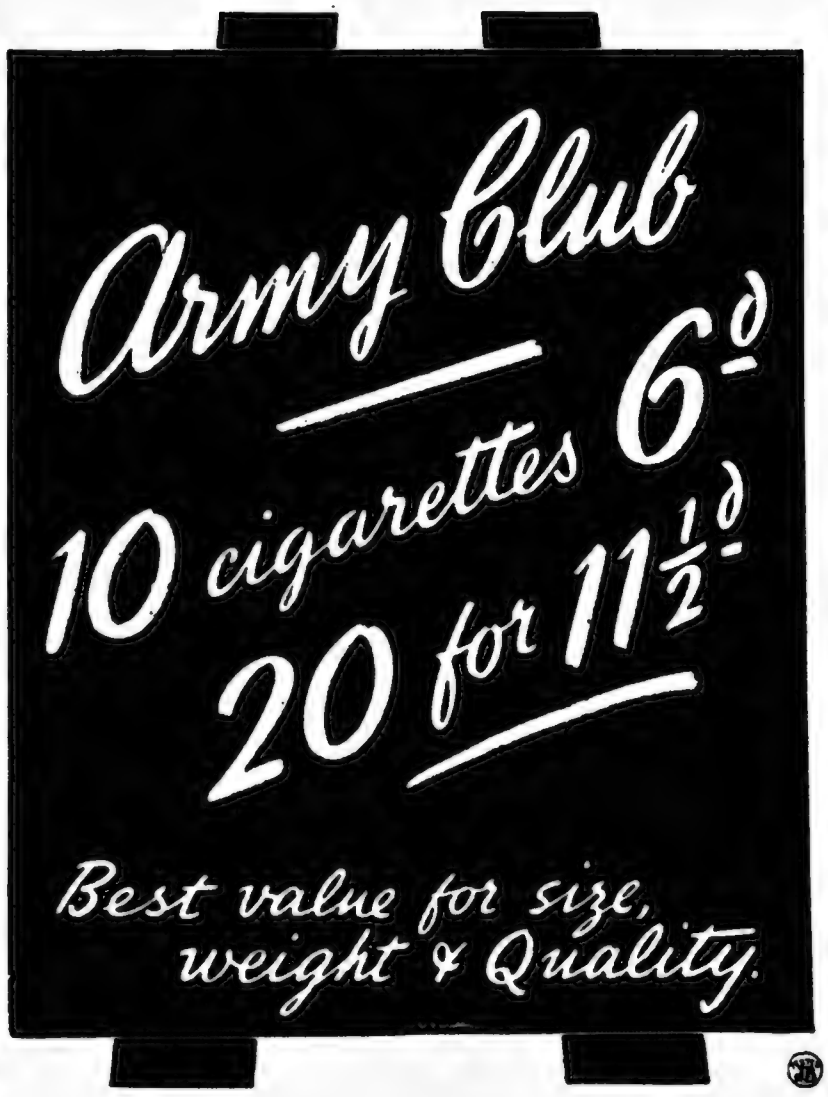

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Home lovers should make a point of getting a copy of the Free Furniture Bargain Book crammed full of other furniture bargains, by filling in their name and address in the lower coupon in the announcement on page 3, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to either Jas. Woodhouse and Sons, 55/61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, or the Cavendish Furniture Co., Ltd., 439/441, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

STOP RHEUMATISM with URACE

FREE SAMPLE! From Bentley & Phillips, Ltd., Elm Research, London, E.C.1. Please send sample. I enclose 1 stamp.

The Final Flutter

(*continued from page 30*)

then and come to live with me until the baby'd come and they were ready to sail for Canada.

I settled the girl comfy in the second back, and the pair of them more or less 'id there. Well, the first 'int o' trouble came when the cheque for the business come in.

The girl was expectin' any minute an' couldn't do much 'erself, so she told Sam to send that out to British Columby, too.

'E didn't. 'E only sent arf of it, an' I found out from 'is telephonin' where 'e was sendin' the rest. When I caught 'im 'anging round that telephone in the 'all I thought it 'ad something to do with the orsepital—specially after Janie was took sudden in the ambulance.

But it come sudden to me an' I faced 'im with it. Sam never told no lies.

"Auntie," 'e says to me sheepish-like, "wouldn't you let a feller 'ave a little flutter with even a bit of 'is money? It would 'a been a criminal waste of luck to send it all to Canada. . . ."

There was something I didn't like about the way 'e said would *'ave* been. An' I remembered, too, the bookmaker 'e was friendly with up on my first front.

It took me some time, but I got it out of 'm at last that 'e first lorst eight pounds out o' the seventy 'e'd kept back, then, believin' that 'is luck 'ad turned, 'ad lorst a big lot tryin' to get it back. By the time I found out wot 'e'd been doin' 'e'd lorst the whole seventy. I talked to 'im straight.

"An' wot about clothes and money for the baby and gettin' out to Canada?" I says.

"We still got that £100," 'e says. "And that covers everything. You're always worryin'," 'e says. "If only I'd 'ad the sense now to get a tip from Mr. Willows upstairs. . . ."

Well, things weren't going well with Janie. They tried to cover it up at the orsepital at first, but I knew. When Sam got to know it took 'im terrible.

'E wouldn't eat. 'E'd be up most of the night, prowlin' round, and by the third day with nothing 'appenin' 'e was a shadow of 'imself, biting at his nails and red-eyed and 'ollow-cheeked.

The sound o' the telephone bell would make 'im shake like a ghost: it made my 'eart bleed to see the way 'e took it, and I 'oped nothing was goin' to 'appen. 'E would 'a gone right out of 'is mind, by the look of 'im.

The night o' the fifth day there was talk of operatin', and when I 'ad to tell 'im, 'e raved at me. "Why can't they do something?" 'e yells. "An' do it quick! Wot are they waitin' for? Don't they know she might—*die*!

"I'll go round there an' shoot the lot of them. I'll kill them if they let 'er die!" he shouts. "I'll shoot them! Tellin' me all the week there's nothing to report. . . ."

ME and 'is new friend, the bookie, Mr. Willows was the name, we got 'im to bed, and Mr. Willows gave 'im a good dose o' brandy, which got 'im to sleep at last. But it wasn't for long.

'E come knocking on my door early in the morning, and 'e broke down and cried like a baby. "I been thinkin'," 'e tell me, "if anything 'appens to Janie. . . . I'm ashamed of the way I wasted that money this larst week on betting.

"She wouldn't 'ave liked it," 'e says, low. "Don't let 'er know, Auntie Emmie," 'e begs. "I don't like to think about it."

"Forget about it, Sammie," I says to 'im. "I 'ave, already. And don't you worry. Listen—even if things are at their very worst," I says. "An' they *ain't*! Far from it! There's always an even chance for the mother. You're a bettin' man and know what that means. At the very worst, an even chance, Sammie," I says. "But things ain't come to that yet. I'll make you a nice cup of tea."

No news came from the orsepital. When I told Sam 'e seemed dull. 'E 'ad on 'is mind the money 'e 'ad wasted on 'orses while 'is wife was taken, and it seemed in 'is present condition 'e couldn't get no further with 'is thinkin' than that.

I said to Mr. Willows, the bookie, and a very decent gempman, too: "Go down and 'ave a talk to 'im," I said. "Talk about 'orse racin', for 'is mind's got stuck."

I wished I 'adn't. Sam wasn't a drinking man. Mr. Willows gave 'im brandy, and I found out afterwards 'e gave Sam a tip—an 'orse that couldn't 'elp winning for the Oaks that afternoon.

First I knew of it, Sam was gone out of the 'ouse like a streak. When 'e got back 'e looked at me wild-like and yelled when he spoke. "Yes!" he shouts. "I done it! A hundred quid to win on Figaro for the Oaks. The money's on!

"An'," he shouts, coming closer and scaring me—"it's goin' to win! See? Janie won't never know wot I done with that other money when she needed me—needed me more than a woman ever needed. . . ."

'E breaks down complete then, and sobs, and we get 'im to bed again. But the damage is done. "Wot is this 'orse?" I asks Mr. Willows, wanting to break down and cry myself.

"Bound to win," 'e tells me. "I shouldn't 'ave let it go to anyone. It's a dead cert and I wanted to cheer 'im up. Why?"

"'E put a £100 on it," I says, miserable. "'E 'asn't got it to lose. . . ."

There was no news that morning and dinner time down came Sam. I've never seen a man look so queer. "A man's coming to collect my nommernashun this afternoon just before the race starts," 'e says. "Show 'im up.

"Mr. Willows said to with'old the name of the 'orse until the larst moment so's not to affect startin' price. *She'll never know, I tell you!*" He ends up on a shout and staggers orf upstairs again.

I 'ad about two hours to wait for the race after dinner, and still no news from the orsepital. I knew Sam wasn't letting 'imself think that 'is wife might be dyin' at that very minute. 'E never asked all that day.

'E daren't, cause 'e'd 'ave 'ad to admit the answer 'e was expectin'. Well, Figaro, the 'orse, was running at four to one, accordin' to the papers.

'E simply 'ad to win. Else 'ow was they goin' to get out to Canada?

If anyone prayed for a 'orse to win it was me. I could 'ardly wait. I kep' going from clock to clock, thinkin' the one in the kitchen must 'a stopped. I couldn't set. I 'ad to keep walkin', whether I 'ad anywheres to go or not.

I MUSSUV made meself arf a dozen cups o' tea and never touched a one of them. I never want to go through a couple of hours like that again: I wouldn't for a fortune.

I'd sooner 'a lorst the money and done with it. I know I 'ad nightmares for months afterwards about that kitchen clock.

I took the man up to Sam's room when 'e called for the 'orse's name, and Sam fumbled round and give 'im a slip, which 'e pocketed. Sam was sprawled on the table with a pencil in his fingers.

'E'd been drawing 'orses, like a kiddie draws 'em, on bits o' paper all over the table and 'is 'air was over 'is eyes, which was bloodshot and wild. 'E'd been drinking brandy. "*Even chance!*" he says, and laughs. "I suppose you say she's got an even chance now, eh!"

I left 'im. 'E looked terrible. If 'e loses 'is wife, I thought, that's one way. If 'e gets 'er back and 'er baby, 'e 'as to tell 'er what 'e's done with the money, and she believin' she could trust 'im where the baby was concerned.

It was twenty to three when I got down stairs. What seemed like arf an hour later it was a quarter to.

"If she pulls through, I'll 'ave to break it to 'er," I thought. One thing about it was that I could always put 'em up until Sam 'ad got work to support 'em. They wouldn't be out in the street, anyways.

But, if only that 'orse was going to win the race! I believe I could'a pushed it there with my wishes. Only I knew Sam was the sort as always lorst. It wasn't even ten to when I looked at the clock again, and I 'ad to stop myself a'most screaming, because there ain't

(*continued on page 38*)

The Human Machine

Square Up to Them!

AMONG all the ills that trouble the world to-day the worst by far are worry and fear.

The prevalent mental atmosphere is one of anxiety. It is so prevalent and so marked that it has almost reached the proportions of a national disease.

We are, in fact, unless we are careful, in very real danger of becoming a nation of neurotics.

Now let's sit down for a minute and take ourselves in hand. And let's start by being quite honest.

Let's admit at once that we are all worried and anxious and frightened, for accurate diagnosis is the basis of all cures.

Now, having admitted our worry and our fear, what is it we are worrying about? What is it we fear? War? Well, it hasn't happened yet, and that's a good answer to any worry about an unknown future.

When you worry about something that goes on not happening, so to speak, all you're doing is to waste time and energy that would be well devoted to something else. You're just wearing yourself out for no purpose.

You see, the thing that always looms black and horrible and terrible is the unknown.

No reality was ever so bad as imagination pictured it beforehand. It is not so much conscience as overworked imagination that makes cowards of us all!

Once you know what you have to face you can make plans—you can do things— You can act. You're too busy to be worried.

And there's really the answer to the whole problem. Get busy. Keep body and mind occupied. Lose yourself in your work and in your play.

The best way to avoid thinking bad thoughts is to think good ones. The way to avoid worry and fear is to think hopefully and optimistically.

But at all costs put your worries and your fears into concrete shape. Define them. Hold them up and look them in the face—and you'll find most of them will vanish before you can really see them!

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Are you tortured and disfigured by skin trouble? Cuticura Ointment will quickly relieve you. A touch of Cuticura Ointment arrests the tormenting itch of Eczema instantly and often a 1/3 tin is sufficient to commence the healing process. Applied to burns and scalds, Cuticura cools and soothes the fiery pain with magical effect. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples and rashes vanish after one or two applications. Cuticura safeguards against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, festerings and gatherings, all yield to the soothing, antiseptic powers of this world-famed healer. Buy a tin and get relief today!

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STOMACH PAINS ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup combines in concentrated form the medicinal virtues of more than ten different herbs, roots and barks which experience has shown have the power of restoring tone, efficiency and regularity to the digestive organs as no single drug or combination of drugs can do. The action of Mother Seigels is gentle, not drastic; it builds up, little by little, day by day, Nature's way, the only true way. All chemists have it at 1/3 and 3/-.

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PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, owing to its 'Life' and richness in Vitamin B, is a splendid NERVE and GENERAL TONIC and an unfailing remedy for INDIGESTION . . . By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast restores VITALITY and VIGOUR in Nature's own way. It contains No Drug and is the finest Tonic and remedy

for NERVES and INDIGESTION

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Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST—and make sure you get the Real Thing.

Announcement to

SHAG SMOKERS

IN consequence of the increase of 2/- a pound in the Duty on Tobacco, Popular Brands of Shag are now being sold at 9½d per oz packet.

In response to numerous requests, we have introduced a special new pack of the famous

Afrikander Shag

at

8d per packet

This new packing contains one nineteenth of a pound and provides smokers of Shag with

exactly the same value

for money as the 1-oz packets at 9½d

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Palmolive's grand! It lathers quickly and richly. It gives you a clean shave, kindly. And because of its generous content of olive oil a Palmolive shave is never rough on the tenderest skin. Yes, for good, clean shaves, Palmolive's the cream.

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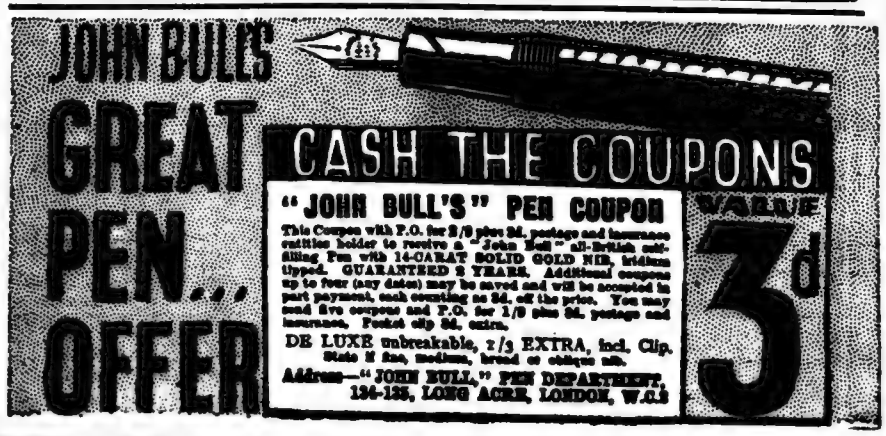
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Old hands who started entering "Bullets" twenty-five years ago, and readers contemplating making their first shots at the prize-list, have been among the readers who have already taken part in this Competitors' Parliament, presided over by "Compex."

If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Conducted by 'COMPEX'

I'VE noticed that sometimes more than one of the winning answers in a JOHN BULL Crossword are slang words. That is unfair, because slang is strictly local in application.—C. L., Clitheroe.

Judges in JOHN BULL'S *Crossword Contests approve of slang words which they know to be in common use among ordinary, everyday folk. Don't forget that our ever-changing language is what we make it. Shakespeare himself made copious use of current slang.*

They're Just Human

What are the *Bullets* judges like? I cannot help fearing that they can scarcely be familiar with the thoughts and problems of the man in the street and his wife.—Mrs. L. B., Hull.

And why not? Their specialised work and long experience make no difference to their outlook, which is much the same as that of the average JOHN BULL *reader.*

About them the Competition Editor tells me this: "In the judges' room there are Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen and Irishmen—several ex-Servicemen, both officers and rankers—several widely travelled; high-brow, mid-brow and low-brow—some married, some single: summed up—a team of enthusiasts who are often divided on political questions, but always united in applauding a tip-top 'Bullet.'"

Poker Winner

I fail to see any prize-winning quality in the recent £3 *Bullet*, DAD'S MONEY—"LUMP" THAT "POKER" REDUCED. If Dad played poker, he'd play to win and thereby increase his "lump." And if anyone hit him with a poker, it would raise a lump, not reduce it.—P. H. F., Swansea.

Think again. This entrant neatly describes Father as losing at poker—and you must admit that if there are winners there must also be losers. In contrast to a lump being raised through a blow from a poker, Dad's financial "lump" is reduced. This simple trick of phrasing is known as paradox—it is just a matter of making a statement that at first glance appears absurd, but is really correct.

Fitting Answers

I notice that aptness and accuracy are laid down as the test by which Crossword answers are decided. Just what does that mean?—P. J. W., Tulse Hill.

An answer is "apt" when it sounds natural and is a word which is fitting and appropriate in relation to the words and the sense of the clue.

It is "accurate" when its use as answer to the clue does not involve mis-statement of facts generally known or easily ascertainable.

The ideal of both complete aptness and absolute accuracy is only sometimes attainable in a Crossword answer, but it is for you to weigh the words you use with a view to approaching that standard as nearly as you can.

Eire Entries

Has a reader living in Eire any prospect of winning a big prize from JOHN BULL? And suppose a *Bullets* judge spotted an Eire address below an effort dealing with, say, A.R.P., would he reject that as an unsuitable subject for an Eire entrant to select?—H. F., Emyvale, Co. Monaghan.

Entries from Eire are considered on an equal footing with all others. Judges are not concerned with addresses, whether in relation to particular "Bullets" or otherwise.

Worth Winning

Why is there such a big difference between the amount of the first and second prizes in *Bullets*? Surely it would be better to have, say, three prizes of £100 at the top of the list instead of one of £300?—Mrs. T. M., Hove.

A ballot held by the Competition Editor established the fact that the majority of "Bulleteers" prefer to go all out for a big prize at the top, rather than more equally divided awards. Even so, you will find, there are more must-be-won cheques for runners-up in "Bullets" than in any other competition of to-day.

One at a Time

Are *Bullets* judged on the day of their receipt or dealt with all together at the end of the week? If so, it might be wiser to post early if you want a prize plum.—E. H. W., Bude.

So long as you post in time, it does not matter whether you are an early or last-minute entrant. The judging is a carefully organised, gradual process, allowing ample time for all coupons to be considered carefully.

Advance Examples

I seem to remember JOHN BULL providing the *Examples* for the next week's *Bullets* in advance, thus helping those of us who like to work well ahead. Why is that not done now?—A. E. F., Bromley.

I understand the reason is lack of space available. But advance Examples are a regular weekly feature in "Bullets" Bulletin, of which you can obtain a free regular supply, together with the Crossword Gazette, by sending in the reservation coupon you will find on page 39.

I'm Sorry, But

Here is what I propose entering for the current Crossword, together with my arguments in favour of three particular answers about which I'm not quite satisfied. Will you please tell me by return what you think of my reasoning?—Miss P. G., Bath.

Sorry, but I have returned your proposed entry without comment. As already stated, it would not be fair to other competitors if I were to criticise an individual's intended entries. The same applies to "Bullets."

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IN the course of the 1938 flat-race season no fewer than 1,810 events were run under Jockey Club rules in England, of the total value of £731,826.

When we consider that twenty-eight of these races, run in four days at Ascot, were worth upwards of £80,000, we get a fair perspective of the immense importance to the racing world of the annual meeting on the Royal Heath.

We shall be at the famous rendezvous again next week to see the cream of the thoroughbreds—not only of this country, but from France.

Everyone hopes that the grand filly Rockfel will be in the field for the Ascot Gold Cup. She will not run unless her owner, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, is satisfied that she is in perfect condition.

I shall not fear the challengers from France or any other quarter if the daughter of Felstead is saddled.

Royal Hunt Cup tips are plentiful, as usual, but, at the time of writing these notes, I have no outstanding fancy. However, I hope to put Code followers on the winner of this popular handicap.

I am anticipating that Boyd-Rochfort will capture several of the races confined to three-year-olds, and Frank Butters and Fred Darling between them most of the two-year-old events.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, June 1, to Wednesday, June 7.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLBHSMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTX297M would read SNOOZE

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HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

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BE YOUR OWN BOSS.
MAKE money, sell again. Ladies', Gent's & Children's Bargains in Drapery. Silk Stockings, Hankies, Socks, Neckties, etc. Catalogue & Guide free, worth pounds.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas St., Manchester.

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HOSIERY Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

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FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

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AGENTS Wanted.—Eatonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest Comm. No outlay. Choca., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc, Wines for Agents. Send for catalogue and partics.—Eatons (Dept. 28), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS, Highest Commission. Free gift; Big Cash prizes; Cat. free. F. J. TATE, 26, NEVILLE STREET, LEEDS, 1.

THE QUICK, EASY WAY TO MONEY-MAKING! Organise a "Sixit" Club. Only six members needed. Club completed and Commission paid in six weeks. Wonderful testimonials from satisfied organisers. Amazing bargains. Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, etc. Catalogue FREE on request. POST P.C. NOW TO GEO. DAY, LTD. (Dep. D.344), 3, Grosvenor Street, MANCHESTER.

A MONEY-MAKING spare-time hobby. Unfailing way of earning £2-£5 per week in leisure hours—beginners welcomed. No experience or capital needed. Everything supplied free.—Write (mentioning *John Bull*) for details to Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

EMPLOYMENT.

CAREERS FOR BOYS.
OPPORTUNITIES FOR BOYS TO LEARN A TRADE FREE OF COST. The Regular Army requires about 500 boys for training as Blacksmiths, Carpenters and Joiners, Coppersmiths, Electricians, Fitters and Turners. Candidates, who must be between the ages of 14 and 16 years 6 months of age, according to trade selected, on 1st September, 1939, will be required to pass an educational examination to be held on 6th July, 1939. Application to sit at the examination must be lodged with an Army Recruiting Officer not later than 22nd June, 1939. Further particulars may be had from any Army Recruiting Office or direct from the War Office (A.G.10), London, S.W.1.

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HOUSEWIVES, get this free book, "Meals that are Different." Simply fill in the Coupon in the Stork advertisement on page 23 and a copy will be sent to you FREE!

FREE.—Send for a sample of Hindes Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hindes, Ltd., 9, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2, and enclose 2d. for postage. See page 28.

MEN!—Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a Spencer Supporting Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon., for free Booklet and further partics. See page 26.

A HAPPY baby means a happy mother. An interesting book, "Every Mother's Book," can be obtained free.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.O.W. See page 23.

THE need for a carefully planned career was never greater than it is to-day. Free advice and particulars are offered in the Bennett College announcements on page 4. If you give this your attention now it may make a wonderful difference to your future. Fill in the coupon and post at once.

HERE'S a unique opportunity for every *John Bull* reader to try and enjoy Weetabix—the new cereal food—free of charge. All you have to do is write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Weetabix, Ltd., Dept. (J.B.5), Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants, enclosing 1½d. Stamp. See page 23.

£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE and SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO

£600

in monthly cheques during next 10 years alone if preferred, £350 lump sum
FIRST PRIZE JOY WIRE • FRI. JUNE 16

UNLIMITED HOLIDAY FIVERS £5 EXTRA for every cash winner this week who also secures cash prize in NEXT WEEK'S CROSSWORD No. 157

£100 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

USEFUL SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd. RUNNERS-UP

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, June 9, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, June 10.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 22. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 27, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £350 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 31.

7 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 153

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 153 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following seven competitors:—

Mrs. F. BRAFIELD, Fir Tree Cottage, High Rd., Hookley, Essex.
Mrs. E. BRISCOE, 33, Silton Rd., Warley Woods, Birmingham.
J. GUTMANN, 52, Calvin Rd., Winton, Bournemouth.
Mrs. M. L. NORTHCOTT, 9, Vicarage Rd., St. Budeaux, Plymouth.
E. M. PATON, 223, Wiins Ave., E.17.
C. H. REDMOND, 58, Prospect St., Caversham, Reading.
Mrs. R. THOMPSON, Near the School, Tibenham, nr. Norwich.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £300, and a cheque for £71 8s. 7d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 6, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 139 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 12s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

£5 Holiday Cash will be sent to every cash winner in Contest No. 153 who also secures a cash prize in Crossword No. 154.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 802 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. WING. 4. CITY. 7. APE. 9. SHAKE. 10. LIME. 14. FIT. 16. DAMP. 19. HARE. 20. END. 21. FORM. 22. WIND.
DOWN.—1. WAITS. 2. SIDE. 3. PINT. 5. OARS. 6. JAM or YAM. 8. FIX. 11. DIM. 12. PEP. 13. MAPS. 15. HAVES. 17. MEND. 18. PEW.

CONTINUITY BONUS WINNER IN CROSSWORD No. 151:—A £5 Continuity Bonus, offered to cash prize winners in Crossword No. 151, was secured by J. MITCHELL, 151, West Graham St., Glasgow.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point JAM and YAM were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

GREAT NEW 8-in-1 HOLIDAY PRIZE FREE!

Each entrant of the two 1s. Entry Forms below, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee, is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Great New 8-in-1 Holiday Prize Offer. Coupons on page 39. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

ACROSS CLUES

1. One should always choose a good one for drive
3. Very often used at sea
6. Anger
7. Butt of this would knock anyone right out
8. You can usually tell whether yours is going to be a good one
11. You may find it uncomfortable if you have to live in this
16. One doesn't expect well brought up person to do this
17. Fire makes people struggle to get out of this
18. Donkey
21. Truffle is sometimes held up by
22. One's not likely to get this for nothing

DOWN CLUES

1. A.R.P. shelters may stand chance of being rendered useless by these
2. Used to propel boat
4. Tanning is one way of curing this
5. Sometimes specially chosen for big cricket match
9. One gets on kitchen shelf at times
10. Problems certainly have to be, by school-teacher
12. Is sometimes roused by cruelty
13. One would hardly expect barber's young apprentice to do so
14. One at boxing would prove too much for the ordinary fellow
15. Host sometimes invites one about his own age
19. Occupy a seat
20. Sergeant doesn't expect this from man late on parade

Turn to page 34 for the NEW HELP for 'CROSSWORDERS'

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINES

FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here.	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on NEW BLOT-FREE "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin."

I want (a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

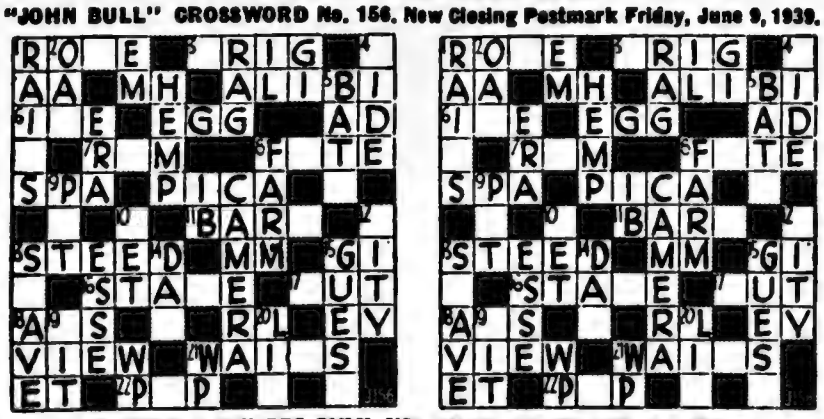
Name .....

Address .....

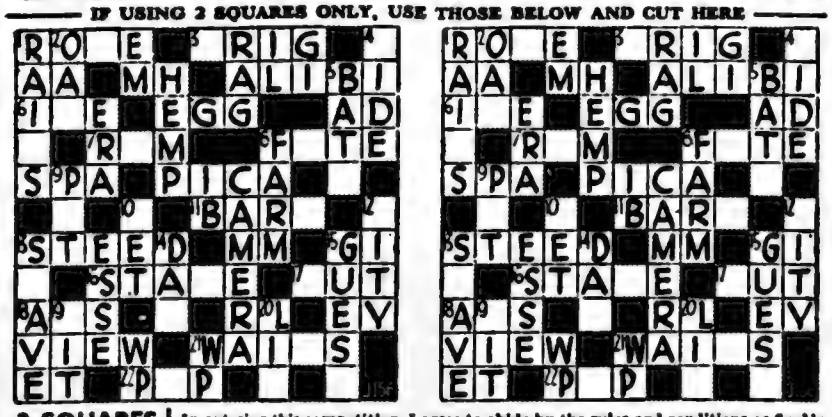
N.B.—Enclose with entry or post direct to "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 156. New Closing Postmark Friday, June 9, 1939.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value .....

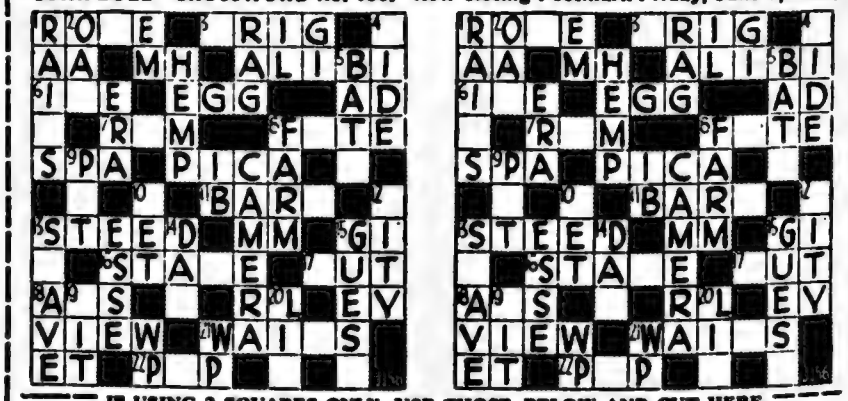
Address ..... No. .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 156, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 156. New Closing Postmark Friday, June 9, 1939.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d.
8 SQUARES 2s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

.....

MIGHTY HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

The Editor Laughs Last

● Are you in doubt, worried, perplexed about any matter? If you are, do not hesitate to make prompt use of "John Bull's" Free Advice Service. This is your Service, to turn to at any moment of difficulty.

No matter what your enquiry, it will be handled expertly—a fully-qualified staff is available to deal with all subjects.

A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you need to send with your letter. The address is: Free Advice Dept., "John Bull," 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. The replies given below to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Kid by LEES

JACK (Witham).—"My girl is a decided blonde." Are you sure there is not just a slight hesitation at the roots?

E. B. (Runcorn).—"The plants in my garden have been handicapped this year." How much start on the scarlet runners did the Virginia creeper receive?

M. D. (South Coast).—"I claim to be able to cure singers suffering from nerves." Now concentrate on a cure for nerves suffering from singers.

Mrs. R. (Hounslow).—"Although we have been married fifteen years I know I am still very dear to my husband." See letter below.

Mr. R. (Hounslow).—"It costs me more to satisfy my wife nowadays than it did fifteen years ago when I married her." See letter above.

E. P. (Clevedon).—"I found the training to be a parachutist very exhausting." You apparently kept on until you were fit to drop?

W. P. (Paddington).—"I have no idea how many relatives I have." Take a week-end cottage by the sea and you'll find out.

A. McC. (Glasgow).—"Five years ago I left here without a penny in my pockets. Can you guess what I came back for?" Your money?

A. N. (Colne).—"It is wise for a husband to praise his wife's clothes." Especially if she is wearing an old costume.

*

C. C. (Rochester).—"What is luck?" When you find that the tune on the other side of the record you are buying is one you also want.

*

G. D. (Langham).—"The burglar was scared when I confronted him with a pistol and told him he could have five seconds to be off the premises." You gave him a start.

F. N. (Hull).—"Modern dancing seems to require less room every day." Yes, only yesterday we noticed an elderly gentleman doing a vigorous pas de seul in a telephone box.

Mrs. S. (Plymouth).—"Every woman should keep a supply of canned foods in the house in case of an emergency." Such as greeting the belated husband when you can't find the rolling pin?

E. A. (Warrington).—"When I told the shopkeeper I wanted three pennyworth of rat poison he asked what for." And you told him you wanted it for threepence?

Marie (London, N.).—"In my opinion, men lack judgment and a sense of beauty." If they didn't, think of what a frightful number of old maids there would be!

C. R. (Fleetwood).—"I'm not going to remain a single woman all my life, and shall certainly cast my bread upon the waters." Hoping it will come back in the shape of wedding cake?

Vicar (Devon).—"We have tried terribly hard to raise money for our needs, but with little success. We have worked like slaves, honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar can do." Well, you said it!

S. R. (Amersham).—"The policeman said it was strange that I had just left the telephone box." Surely he didn't think that you ought to have taken it with you?

Employer (Halifax).—"I dislike the word 'impossible.' It should be removed from the dictionary." Impossible!

P. N. (Palmers Green).—"He worries about nothing." Quite a lot of people do if they've got it in the bank.

Anxious (Kensington).—"I have to go to a big public dinner, and I am rather worried as to how I shall get on." Just take it as a matter of courses.

K. D. (Swindon).—"I have always found that the best things in life are absolutely free." Then please tell us where you get your beer and tobacco.

K. V. (Liverpool).—"I really admire a man that can stand on his own feet." So do we, especially in a crowded train.

G. J. (Newcastle).—"I make it an invariable rule to pay as I go." The box-office attendant at your cinema must be very trusting.

Mrs. T. (Truro).—"I feel sure you will appreciate why I cannot agree to having a tea-party of thirteen." You have only twelve cups and saucers?

Miss V. (Doncaster).—"Do you know how I pick my friends?" Not to pieces, we hope.

R. B. (Margate).—"I do not like to see bathing belles in smoked glasses." Then why not take them off?

P. H. (Hitchin).—"What can a man do when his wife keeps telling him about her first husband?" Envy him.

W. C. (Taunton).—"I am wondering what to call my baby boy who was born last quarter day." What about Bill?

S. B. (Wantage).—"When I was in Chicago gangsters blew up a half-completed building." That was sheer impatience.

Mrs. C. (Lincoln).—"My husband takes me to the museum every week, but he won't tell me what he is studying." Economy.

*

W. N. (Goole).—"Post offices should have bells on the counters to attract the attention of the assistants." We don't think much of the idea. It's already been tried in tea-shops.

*

Mac (Aberdeen).—"I was on the golf links for twelve hours without a break on Saturday." Then we think you really deserved to find the ball.

T. N. (Bury).—"My camping holiday was not a success because the wind played havoc with the tent." The whole thing fell flat?

Ben (St. Albans).—"How long did you know your wife before you married her?" We didn't know her at all—we only thought we did.

M. N. (Swindon).—"I have been told that you have just put up a brand new block of offices." Yes, we never put up any other kind.

R. V. (Ryde).—"Service should be man's chief ambition these days." Yes, but a good back-hand return is very useful, too!

T. M. B. (Birmingham).—"My firm is wisely adopting the plan of staggering holidays." And are you adopting the plan on page 39? Something staggering in the holiday line awaits you there.

C. S. (Southport).—"There's a fellow comes to my door three times a week trying to play the fiddle. I have given him five shillings and told him never to come back." One scraper at the front door is enough, eh?

R. E. (Brandon).—"The plumber called and said he'd come to mend a leak, but I hadn't any plumbing troubles at the time and couldn't understand why he should think I had." Possibly he was called in by the people who lived in the house before you did.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

Western Daily Press:—"The bride wore a dress of white satin, veil and organ blossoms."

London Evening News:—"There is a big storage of actors."

Hampshire Chronicle:—". . recited the birthday piece composed of Miss ——."

Daily Mail:—"I waited there in the marble-flooded hall."

Hull Daily Mail:—". . . was summoned for driving away a motor-car without the contents of the owner."

St. Helens News:—"For working a wireless with a licence . . . was fined 10s."

Southern Times and Dorset County Herald:—"The sergeants' mess was the ink between the officers and the men."

Portsmouth Evening News:—". . . and a committee which concluded many prominent people of the district."

Woman's Companion:—"'In every marriage,' he continued, 'there is probably one of the parties who is by nature and temperature best fitted to make decisions.'"

CONSTIPATION Can Be Conquered

Yes, even the most stubborn case of constipation will yield to the right treatment—but it is most important to use a laxative which acts naturally and without "shock," otherwise the whole system may be weakened, besides the obvious danger of aggravating the constipation.

What is needed is a systematic course of a mild antacid laxative; 'Milk of Magnesia' is admirable for this purpose. It never occasions the slightest discomfort; its mild action cannot possibly cause strain to the most delicate. It is definitely not habit-forming. In addition to its mild laxative properties it has the most beneficial effect on the entire digestive tract. In remedying indigestion it removes the very cause of constipation.

Get a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia' to-day. Take it regularly for a week, adjusting the dose as directed to your needs. You will be delighted with the all round improvement in your health and well being. Thereafter an occasional dose, say, at intervals of a week, will provide all the prompting that your system needs. Once you have tried this gentle, safe relief that doctors so strongly recommend, you will never use anything else. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia' which is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ended in 3 minutes

Without Razors, Electric Needles Or Smelly Depilatories

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface*. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, 1/3 and 2/6. Trial size 6d.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Graves 'VULCAN' 4-Valve Battery

THREE-WAVEBAND SUPERHET is the World's greatest Radio success.

This marvellous scientific triumph is available for every home—Full range of reception from Short, Medium and Long-wave stations; clearest reproduction of Musical performances, Entertainments, Sports events, World-wide News and actual voices of the most interesting speakers and personalities. This magnificent full size Walnut Set compares favourably with Sets at double price, and is offered on the most beneficial terms without extra charge. Backed by the Graves 40 years' reputation, on the fullest approval, for 5/6 now, and 5/6 monthly. Nothing else to buy. Total Price **£6:17:6**

WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and full specifications of the latest A.C. Mains & Battery Sets Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

CLEAN OUT CATARRH

BANISH AWFUL STUFFINESS. TAKE A NEW LEASE OF LIFE!

Got Catarrh? Then make this your lucky day! Nose bunged-up with mucus so that you can hardly breathe? You can be a New person to-morrow! Smear a little NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy inside each nostril. It opens stuffed-up nasal passages in no time! Gently sniff it up. "NOSTROLINE" acts instantly. Clears head completely. Soothes soreness. Kills germs. Lubricates and heals. Over 16,000 Doctors endorse "NOSTROLINE." For Catarrh, Colds, Hay Fever, "NOSTROLINE," all Chemists, 1/3.

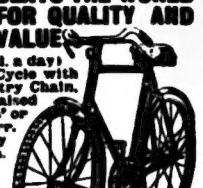
Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE" E.12, Bristol, 8.

LIVER, KIDNEY & STOMACH TROUBLES

If you are suffering agonising days and sleepless nights, what can be more encouraging to you than to read of the marvellous recovery of Mr. Moore, Roby, Liverpool, who writes:—"One of the worst victims of Stomach trouble for 5 years, I have been X-rayed 19 times. I suffered agony, could not sleep. I tried most medicines without success, but Vitadatio is a really wonderful remedy. Before, I could not eat—food was a dread. Now I can eat and sleep. Life is worth living." Vitadatio succeeds when all else fails. Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- & 5/- per bottle, or per post (6d. extra in U.K.)

From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** L.M 121

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



5/- per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves "FLEMING" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:19:9 or 5/- monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:10:9 Terms: 6/3 monthly Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take Dr Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE

LIXEN

At all chemists ELIXIR (liquid) *in bottles* 1/- 1/9 & 3/- LOZENGES *in tins* 7½ & 9½

★ **FREE SAMPLE** *of delightful New* **BREAKFAST FOOD**

HERE'S an excellent opportunity for every "John Bull" reader to try, taste and enjoy WEETABIX—the *new* British wheat flakes cereal food—free of charge. All you have to do is to write, *mentioning "John Bull,"* to Weetabix, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.5), "Weetabix Mills," Burton Latimer, Northants, enclosing 1½d. in stamps, and a generous trial sample will be sent to you—FREE!

WEETABIX is good for kiddies as well as for adults. Every one will love their crisp, crunchy flavour. Try before you buy! Write for your Free Trial Sample. See page 23.

THE NEED FOR A PLANNED CAREER WAS NEVER GREATER THAN IT IS TO-DAY!

IF you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, read the special message and advice of Mr. Bennett (Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Sheffield) on page 4. It may make a wonderful difference to your future! Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject mentioned. The Bennett College has a staff of 297 in daily attendance—all at your service!

Ambitious Readers—
Don't overlook
The Bennett College
announcement on p. 4.

The Final Flutter

Continued from page 32

nothing you can do to make time go faster—or slower, for that matter.

When the telephone went I did *scream*—an' I didn't know I'd done it until I hear the plates rattlin' in my kitchen.

It was the 'orsepital and it was a boy and both doin' fairly well, considering. Like these orsepitals, the boy 'ad been born just afore one o'clock and they'd only just thought of ringing up!

I was so dithered I 'ad to sit down, and afore I knew it I was crying like a babe and trembling, so I couldn't find my nose to blow it. Mr. Willows gave me a drink o' brandy. "I come down to telephone," 'e says.

Remembering the 'orse made me calm then. They've got the boy, I thought. It can't 'ave lorst!

MR. WILLOWS was waitin' on the 'phone, chewin' 'is moustache and lookin' at the ceilin', and when 'e saw me watchin' 'im 'e says: "Results are coming through," 'e says. "I'm 'anging on. Won't be——"

'E broke orf to listen. After a while 'e 'angs up, quiet-like, then turns.

"Well?" I a'most screams at 'im. "Say something: It's won?"

"Not placed," 'e says. "'E's lorst 'is money."

'Ow I got down to my kitchen I don't know. I was that weak you could 'a poured me through a spout. I didn't know what to think, and, believe it or not, I clean forgot to tell Sam about his baby boy, until the telephone went orf again. Mr. Willows was in the 'all answerin' it, and wot 'e was sayin' was: "Are you quite sure?"

"I'm just agoin' up to tell 'im about 'is son, born at one p.m.," I says, arf 'ysterical with all this 'orseracin', which I 'aven't the nerves to stand.

"Well, tell 'im at the same time," this Mr. Willows says, "that 'is bookmaker insists 'e's won fifteen 'undred pounds, bein' an 'undred laid to win at fifteen to one. Seems 'e wasn't backin' Figaro."

Mrs. Fluke polished the rim of her plate with a piece of soft bread, popping the sop into her mouth with a sigh of satisfaction. "Well," she said, "won it, 'e 'ad, and that *is* a fact, Annie. When 'e and Mr. Willows went round to 'is bookmaker to collect the money they saw the slip Sam 'ad written out namin' the 'orse 'e was backin'.

AN' d'you know what that man 'ad written arf a dozen times all over it? Even Chance. Even Chance. Like wot I told 'im 'is wife would 'ave if the worst came to the worst."

Mrs. Fluke shook her head warningly at the wide-eyed orphan. "Call it what you like, Annie," she allowed. "I call it the 'And o' Providents. That was the name of the 'orse that won. Even Chance.

Yes . . . they 'ad quite a little fortune when they went out to Canada, and they're doing well, I hear. That Sam 'ad 'ad 'is second shock, though, and it seems 'e's never touched a bet since. Not yet, anyway. But don't you never talk to me about no more 'orseracin', Annie!"

"No'm," Annie promised.

World News at a Glance

Do you find that the rapidly changing world scene leaves you rather baffled, that you haven't time to follow each day's events in detail?

What you need is a sound and well-balanced weekly summary of the news such as that which *News Review* provides.

In its enlarged form this news-magazine, with its concise summaries and accurate forecasts, stimulating articles, extracts from the foreign Press, and special features on all branches of social and business life, is an indispensable guide.

News Review is on sale every Thursday. Get a copy at once!

Mr. R. Bell

Caught Post—and Won PENSION!

For over twenty-six years our fascinating "Bullets" Contests have brought big prizes to readers all over Britain. Sometimes the winning list is headed by an entrant who has made "Bullets" a hobby for years—sometimes the First Prize goes to a recent recruit to the "Bullets" ranks.

IT was one of the old brigade of "Bulleteers" that achieved his ambition in our Contest No. 1,169 by becoming our 38th Life Pensioner—Mr. R. Bell, 35, Grove Avenue, Moseley, Birmingham. A Life Income of 20s. Weekly and Celebration Week-end rewarded him for entering the neat and telling effort, EVERY MAN—CARRYING PACK, PACTS MISCARRYING.

"My winning effort was constructed in a few seconds," said this sixty-seven-year-old competitor to a JOHN BULL man. "But I nearly made it a loser—by not posting my entry until the very last minute. And when the First Prize telegram arrived it was nearly turned away. Without telling my wife, I had entered in the name of my six-year-old stepson, R. Bennett, and she thought the Joy Wire had come to the wrong address!

"It's taken me a long time to reach the top of the prize-list," Mr. Bell remarked. "But I've enjoyed every minute spent on *Bullets*."

* * *

Mr. G. E. Harvey

The week before this veteran's triumph, our 1,168th First Prize was captured by a twenty-nine-year-old L.M.S. enquiry clerk—Mr. G. E. Harvey, 19, Franklyn Avenue, Crewe. So far this young "Bulleteer's" hobby has brought him £100 a month, for it was after only 12 weeks of "following form" in *Bullets* that he captured his £300 First Prize. His was the simply worded but striking *Bullet*, HITLER'S MISTAKE—"ERASING" VERSAILLES BY "BLOTS."

"I sent in my usual single sixpenny coupon and this time it brought me my very first cash prize—a First," Mr. Harvey remarked to our representative. "I had entered for JOHN BULL'S Crosswords for some time and when the *Crossword Gazette* came I occasionally glanced at *Bullets Bulletin*. Eventually I decided to tackle *Bullets* properly and a 'Good Shot' award with my first shot encouraged me to persevere.

"I'd celebrated my twenty-ninth birthday three days before my Joy Wire arrived," this First Prize-winner related. "And soon my wife and I will be off to Bournemouth for what will now be the holiday of our lives."

* * *

What a glorious holiday is in store for the winner of that great new 8-in-1 First heading the one-week Offer announced on the opposite page! Picture yourself setting off with a companion for a week's Free Holiday—with new clothes, suitcases, folding camera, portable radio, books, magazines and £5 pocket-money, all provided by JOHN BULL, *plus a £250 cheque*!

Sounds like a dream? Make it reality with an entry this week!

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,170

FIRST PRIZE, £300 Cash, plus Aldershot Tattoo Trip for Two:

W. P. LARKIN, 14, Lord Street, Liverpool.

Example: CROWDED ROAD
Bullet: OFTEN CAUSES "SLOW PROCESSION."

SECOND PRIZE, £25 and Tattoo Trip:

F. CHAPPELL, 6, Belgrave Gardens, Southgate, London, N.

Example: Hitler Demands
Bullet: Walk-over, No "Talk Over."

THIRD PRIZE, £10 and Tattoo Trip:

H. N. SMITH, 18, Redstone Manor, Redhill, Surrey.

Example: With All Her Might
Bullet: England's Vigilant, Not Belligerent.

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: S. WHALE, Nicholl Lane, Winterbourne, Bristol.
Sheathing Of The Sword—Only Possible, "Cross" Uppermost.

£8: Mrs. T. JACKSON, 1, Devonshire Place, Ardwick, Manchester.
Hitler Demands—Land — Receives "Cold Water."

£7: F. WARREN, Jnr., 12, Saunders Road, Blackburn.
All Too Soon—Comes Autumn — Come, Summer!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£6: R. B. RAWLINGS, 32, Tewkesbury Avenue, Forest Hill, S.E.
With All Her Might—Beethoven "Gained" Germany More.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£5: H. C. CLARKE, 7, Waltacre, Yealmpton, Plymouth.
Seaside Girl—"Puritans" Attack—"Cavaliers" Surround.

£4: Mrs. S. JOHN, Chillington, 3, Hillcroome Road, Sutton, Surrey.
Dad Went To The Zoo And—Hat Suited Chimp Best!

£3: Mrs. M. A. HODGKISS, 17, Kendal Road, Salford, Lancs.
To Be Prepared—Common-sense, Till *That* "Prevails."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

E. BARNFIELD, 208, Birchfield Road, Birmingham.
Modern Girl—Smokes—Drinks—Proves *Angel*
W. BLACKWELL, School House, Newton, Wisbech, Cambs.
Doesn't Say Much—Signature—Watch Hitler's "Strokes"!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)
P. CREASEY, Rose Cottage Bakery, Crawley Down, Sussex.
At Giles's Wedding—Bride Resented "Trap Ready?"
W. FORRESTER, 11, Maybury Road, Barnton, Midlothian.
His Wealth—In "Tin"—He's "Blind."
N. FORSTER, New Arcade Chambers, High Street West, Sunderland.
Dad's Girl—Anxious, Meeting Sonny's Girl
G. GINGER, 96, London Road, High Wycombe, Bucks.
His Wealth—Soon Goes—Son, "Goose."
W. E. HAWES, 34, Belle Vue Road, Ipswich
Doesn't Say Much—Taxpayer—Can't Afford Laryngitis!
Mrs. L. C. MEE, 69, Morland Road, Ipswich.
His Wealth — "Talks" — Mine Hollers "Daddy!"
J. MORRIS, Bermondsey Settlement, London, S.E.
Modern Girl—Has Latch-key—"Rings Bell"
R. O. VAUGHAN, Pont Wgan, Ty'n-y-Groes, Conway, N. Wales.
Modern Girl—"Knows Answers"—Invades "Yes!"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed £ & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order. The number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible

FINE 8-in-1 HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR A BULLET—ONE WEEK ONLY!

£250 CASH PLUS

1. Seaside Holiday Week for Two
2. New Holiday Clothes
3. Folding Camera with films
4. Portable Radio
5. Holiday Suitcases
6. Holiday Novels Magazines and Newspapers
7. £5 Extra Cash to spend
8. £3 00 CASH IF SINGLE PRIZE PREFERRED

HOW TO WIN

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example* WHAT'S WRONG WITH EUROPE? you might jot down *Dictators' Axis Harming Trade*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, WHAT'S WRONG WITH EUROPE? — "AXIS" STOPPING "WHEELS" TURNING.

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading efforts in our 1,170th Contest on the opposite page. Then make a start promptly, for your entry *must* be posted on or before Saturday, June 10.

ADDED ATTRACTION: Last six "Examples" in list are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

DEMOCRACY DEMANDS
"WELCOME HOME!"
FRUITS OF LABOUR
WHAT'S WRONG WITH EUROPE?
DROWNING MAN
IN NATURE'S KINGDOM
UPSET THE SHOPKEEPER
SEAMY SIDE
HEARD AT "THE SHIP"
BITTER
IN SAFE HANDS
IT'S WIFEY'S BIRTHDAY, SO
FACT OF THE MATTER
CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR
GRANDPA WINKED AND
GOOD CAUSE
GIRL OF MY DREAMS
SANDY'S HOLIDAY
WIPING AWAY A TEAR
WHAT HE PROMISED

Incomplete "Examples"—see notice Col. 1:

MAKES BRITANNIA .....
IN CAME ..... AND
IF SONNY .....
BETTER .....
LOVE OF .....
..... PEOPLE

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 £3 10 of £2:10

25 of 10/- 200 SURPRISE AWARDS

THOUSANDS OF OTHER AWARDS Closing Postmark SAT. JUNE 10

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,174) | Closing postmark SAT., JUNE 10.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,174) | Closing postmark SAT., JUNE 10.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,174) | Closing postmark SAT., JUNE 10.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JUNE 10.

Competition News—See Page 34

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,174 and Crossword No. 156, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, June 10.

FREE CASE of GROCERIES

STOCK your larder with one of these useful 10-in-1 Bonus Awards. Provided you submit 3 paid (or prize) coupons this week, "John Bull" will present one FREE with your prize of 10s. or over.

EVERY HOME NEEDS ONE!

NEWAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,174 usually purchase "John Bull."

Should you wish to enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,174, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How can you Get SLIM for Summer

MAKE sure of having a lovely slim figure this summer with the aid of Bile Beans. Start now and within a few weeks you'll have banished all undesirable fat and feel fitter and fresher into the bargain.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they not only remove excess fat and 'slim while you sleep' but they tone you up, purify your blood, and make you gloriously fit and well.

So remember Bile Beans at bedtime if you want to look your best in summery dresses and in your new swim suit.

"At a party the other day I was the only one not a member of a Gym Club. And yet I was told I had the most perfect figure of all. My friends could hardly credit I was once over-weight, but I proved with photographs that nightly Bile Beans had rid me of excess fat and made me healthily slim."—Miss M. K. W-B., Harrow.

• • •

"As I work in a gown shop and need a fashionable slim figure, I was worried about putting on weight. Since taking Bile Beans each night I have got back my girl-like figure, enabling me to show the gowns off to perfection."—Mrs. M. S., Liverpool.

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

Improve Your Health as Well as Your Figure

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